SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Colyums

INVENTIVE America has evolved at least one new literary form. It is the "Colyum." The "Colyum" is not at all the same as a mere daily, weekly, or monthly contributed *column* of comment of some kind or other. Our English cousins have not the secret of the "Colyum." Even Mr. Chesterton has always been a periodical essayist and leader-writer rather than a "Colyumist."

The "Colyum" has now attained great popularity in the United States, and flourishes in much variety. But under all styles its conductor's fundamental attitude is this, "it is my daily (or weekly) endeavor to conceal from you the fact that I take myself at all seriously." The true "Colyum" is a perpetual, whimsical turning-inside-out of the "Colyum" conductor's personality. Hence British reticence is too ingrained for the successful conducting of Colyums. The American temperament, on the other hand, is admirably suited to it. The American mind savors much more richly the fascination of seeming to make a fool of one's-self. And then there is a lack of order and proportion, a certain wild spontaneity about the paragraphing of a Colyum, that fits well with American recklessness. All the best Colyumists are card-players and good gamblers at cards. This fact is not without its significance.

Not that there are not, as we have intimated, various ways of conducting a Colyum. Some conductors are good editors. Some are not. The successful Colyum conductor has two sources of supply: the expression of his own ideas in prose or verse, and the contributions that come to him *gratis*. Certain Colyum conductors really sift their mail and exercise editorial judgment in the use of contributions. Others go the primrose way and snatch at contributions as filler material without spending half the time possibly advisable in examination of that which the morning mail showers upon them. In other words, some Colyumists toil, some are lazy. But each successful one is a creative writer with books to his credit. Each has evolved a method. One features brief flashing paragraphs; another ambles through longer burlesques. All realize that the charm of the unexpected must go hand in hand with certain staple lines of satire, to constitute a successful hodiernal stint. The mark of success is that one's particular style of Colyum could never by any possibility be taken for the work of another. An entirely individual idiom is evolved. This is true of the best Colyumists.

Colyums of group-gossip please the reader because he or she feels constantly "in the know." Stock characters created in Colyums impress their individuality in a constant appeal similar to that of the characters of our Comic Strips. And, over and above this, one Colyumist is known for his facility at a certain species of light verse or another for the homespun fantasticality of his prose. The Colyumist must know how to mix all sorts of literary drinks. His is not, perhaps, a high-class restaurant of humor, but rather a corner "kayf," an open bar. He serves a free lunch with a glass of beer for one and all. We are, of course, speaking quite figuratively!

It is the free-and-easy atmosphere of the Colyum that appeals. You cannot imagine a Colyumist working except in his shirt-sleeves and in a most disorderly office. If Diogenes had taken a typewriter into his tub he would have made a perfect Colyumist. For Colyumists are most of them pretty hard-boiled philosophers. And they ever seek for

(*Continued on page* 43)

The Bait

By MARIE LUHRS

NO end to the river till it reaches the ocean—
They have to swim through so many rills
That their fins are tired with the flapping motion,
Too fast they open and shut their gills.

Only the fly with hairy, bent legs and each wing
In colors like the skin of a pearl
Keeps the fish swimming in a line, keeps them in swing;
They squirm for the fly through the dim swirl.

A fish with fins of heavier rib than the others
Sails ahead, snaps his mouth on the prize
And is drawn up from his course, raised up from his brothers
With agony in his candid eyes.

A new fly is let down on a string like a hair,
A new prize for fish with dreaming maws;
Thousands die of old age in their watery lair,
One dies with success hooked in his jaws.

This Week

"The New History." Reviewed by *Carl Becker.*

"The Monkey Puzzle." Reviewed by Johan J. Smertenko.

"Firecrackers." Reviewed by *Henry B. Fuller.*

"The Way of the Makers." Reviewed by *Muna Lee.*

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Some Notes and Three Novels. By *Rebecca West.*

The Life of Osler. Reviewed by *William H. Welch, M. D.*

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Mrs. Piozzi's Rasselas

By HILAIRE BELLOC

IT was only the other day that I was writing of "Rasselas" and saying how an American friend of mine Colonel Isham who has perhaps the best collection there is of Dr. Johnson's Works and of everything around it, had showed me a first edition of "Rasselas."

Since then he has shown me another copy of that great book and one to be treasured in my judgment, far more even than the first edition which moved me so greatly. It is Mrs. Piozzi's own copy, the one she had in old age and upon page after page annotated in her own clear and beautiful writing, more than a hundred years ago.

Now here is an amazing thing! Here is something in which all the elements of historical value arise. The living contemporary witness, the intimate witness, the original document: all combined.

It is nearly certain that this woman upon whom the great Englishman's affection centred so strongly during all those last years when he was increasingly lonely with the hubbub of fame about him, was born in 1740. She was thirty years younger than he, she outlived him by half a lifetime, for she did not die till she was eighty-one years of age. She died the same year as Napoleon.

* * *

It is curious to note that this copy in which she has made so many annotations is as late as the year 1818. It is Sharpe's Edition: that writing of hers therefore which we now find so small and so clear in the margin of page after page was set down in the very last moments of her life, when she had come to, or had passed her eightieth year, and when the book itself had been in the hands of all Europe and famous, for just on sixty years. Here was this vivacious, energetic, admired old lady living on into a world over which the storm of the French Revolution had passed and steeping herself in memories of youth more than half a century gone. She was a girl of nineteen, perhaps barely that, when Rasselas first issued from the press. She returned to it in the very extreme of life when death was before her, who had lived life so fully, and when she could write as younger people would not write. In the margin on the corner of page 8 she has written:—

"Man feels from home in this Life but rests and expatiates in the World to come"

in annotation of Johnson's phrase:—

Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification, or he has some desires distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy

The book is of small size about eight inches by five and has perhaps a dozen of those very careful little steel engravings which are so characteristic of the day.

It is a lady's book altogether and it is a lady's mind commentating perpetually on as manly a piece of work as was ever set down by a man. Also sometimes (but rarely) she dares to underline at the risk of defacing the page, and herein again, she was a lady of her day. I find underlined four words upon page 99 at the end of chapter 27, at the end of the Princess Nekayah's discourse upon "Whether perfect happiness would be procured by perfect goodness"—that admirable speech which begins, "Whether perfect happiness would be procured by perfect goodness this world will never afford an opportunity of deciding" (I wish I could

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write like that!) and again. "All that virtue can afford is quietness of conscience, a steady prospect of a happier state: this may enable us to endure calamity with patience: but remember that patience must suppose pain."

Johnson's vivacious active young friend, now grown so old, underlines in this last phrase the words "enable," "endure," "patience" and "suppose."

I would argue with the Doctor, by the way (if he were alive and before me now and promised not to roar too loud) upon that matter of a quiet conscience. I do not believe that good men have quiet consciences. I hold that an uneasy conscience—at any rate nowadays, is the first requisite for Heaven, and that an inflamed, red, feverish, angry conscience is a true mark of increasing virtue. I have met many men with quiet consciences, not all of them wholly unintelligent, but nearly all of them scoundrels.

* * *

Mrs. Piozzi (for I must not leave the lady alone any longer) has further added besides this passage in that admirable phrase, "Some diseases are caused by virtue as some are by Vice." Yes, madam, and many more by virtue than by vice. I know of no disease native to swindlers or to the rich beast who is always thinking of his health, or the vile fellow who would rather drink water than wine. I do not say who is ordered water by a Doctor; him I forgive, I mean who drinks water of his own accord and glories in it.

The oppression of the poor brings no disease to a man, but generosity embarrasses his finances and brings him to loss of sleep and sometimes to madness. Indignant virtue has even worse effects. Patriotism if too active, will land him in gaol, and of nervous indigestion there is no more common cause than deep affection withdrawn or gone awry.

* * *

There is not in all this monument of Johnson's a truer or a more profound phrase than that which I find annotated a little earlier in the same chapter:—

> Discontent, answered Rasselas, will not always be without reason under the most just and vigilant administration of public affairs.

Which is as much as to say, discontent with one's government is a permanent and essential necessity even where that government is exceptionally good. It is an imperative duty in common times, and in times of peculiar corruption it is a necessity if the State is not to die of slow poisoning. Mrs. Piozzi writes:

> Well observed, and to me new, except having once read it in Italy. She quotes the name of an Italian author or subject which I cannot decipher, and then a translation of the words, "Men being in Power are no gods."

How excellent also is the following: She finds Johnson saying through the mouth of the Princess, "He does nothing who endeavors to do more than is allowed to humanity." Mrs. Piozzi puts by the side, "True, true; make your Decision and be content," and then, "Quod sist esse velis."

* * *

I could write all day upon this singular treasure of a book. Let me find room for two last citations. The first is from words written fairly early I think in the course of this marginal work of hers, for they were written while her hand was still quite steady.

On the last page, page 184, below the final line of the text and the words "The end," followed by a full stop Mrs. Piozzi has cut out the full stop with a dash, and has added in her own handwriting "of a Book unrivalled in Excellency of Intention, in Elegance of Diction: in minute knowledge of human Life—and sublime Expression of Oriental Imagery."

But the most touching, the most arresting of all is, what may have been, I think *was*, the last of all her pen work on the paper of this volume, for it is written in a larger and trembling hand surely a little before she died. It is in connection with the passage in chapter XXXVI upon the progress of sorrow. Here again the Princess is speaking and says, "What is to be expected from our pursuit of happiness when we find the state of life to be such, that happiness itself is the cause of misery?" To this the old woman's shaking fingers add, "Oh melancholy Truth, to which my heart bears witness!" and after that a long quavering line.

On Writing History

THE NEW HISTORY AND THE SOCIAL STUDIES. By HARRY ELMER BARNES. New York: The Century Company. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by CARL BECKER
Cornell University

IN 1912 James Harvey Robinson published a little book entitled "The New History." Defining history as a study of man in the past, he said that historians know much about the past but little about man. He urged them, for their souls' sake, to learn something about man by acquiring a speaking acquaintance with the newer sciences of mankind—anthropology, archæology, psychology, and some other sciences the names of which I have forgotten. Adequately equipped with such knowledge, the historian would be able, he thought, to tell us something more worth while about man in the past than "whether Charles the Fat was at Ingelheim or Lustnau on July 1, 1887." He would be able, in fact, to write a "new history," a history which would "turn on the past and exploit it in the interest of advance."

I waited hopefully for the appearance of one of these new histories. Not that there was any lack of old ones which exploited the past in the interest of the advance of something—or someone. I could point out, for example, Voltaire's "Essai," Grote's "Greece," Mommsen's "Rome"—and many others. But I imagined these were not examples of the new history which Robinson had in mind. So I waited for an example of the real new history. None appeared—at least none that I recognized as such. It is true, Robinson himself, after some years, published "The Mind in the Making," a fascinating book which I read and reread with great pleasure. But, perhaps for that reason, I never took it to be a history, new or old. Filled with ideas, written with charm and humor, it was such a book as might be written by a historian of intelligence who had studied much, experienced much, reflected much, and who, forgetting for the moment that he was a historian, said what he thought as well as he could. Not that I am a stickler for names. Call the book history if you like. That would even be an advantage to me personally; for in that case I read history—a thing I have long had a notion I ought to do, being reputed a historian. But the point is I did not take "The Mind in the Making" to be history; and I was just settling comfortably into the belief that there were as yet no new histories, when Professor Barnes came along and unsettled me.

* * *

For some time past Professor Barnes has been writing articles about the new history; and now he has gathered his researches on the subject into a substantial volume. It is scholarly, a readable, and a useful book. The author begins by describing the orthodox type of history writing, the "political and episodical" type, which long was, and still is, in the ascendant, especially in the universities, those entrenched citadels of conservatism. But, it appears, "there are numerous signs that the current political and episodical type of history is gravely threatened;" for there is not only a "newer history," but many newer historians who hold "that the purpose of history is to give the present generation such a complete and reliable picture of the past that it will be able to arrive at an intelligent comprehension of how and why the present state of civilization came about." Historians have no doubt long professed this to be their object (the doctrine was preached to me thirty years ago in college); but they have hitherto failed in attaining this object, one of the chief reasons, according to Professor Barnes, being their lamentable ignorance of the contributions of many social sciences to human knowledge. The new "synthetic" history requires that the historian should take all knowledge, or nearly all, for his province; and the chief purpose of Professor Barnes is to introduce the historian to those sciences with which he ought to be familiar. He therefore proceeds to give, in successive chapters, learnedly and adequately (so I assume, not knowing the literature of these fields), a survey of recent literature in the fields of geography, psychology, anthropology, sociology, science, economics, politics, and ethics. Each chapter closes with a consideration of the relation of the particular science to history, and the book itself closes with a summary chapter on History and Social Intelligence. The volume is essentially an admirable bibliographical survey of the current trend of thought in the social sciences, accompanied by valuable suggestions as to the significance of these sciences for the historian.

Excellent book though it is, I confess it leaves me more uncertain about the new history than I was. Far from there being as yet no new histories, it seems that there are in fact an immense number. Among historians mentioned as having made contributions to the new history, I find: Helmolt, Teggart, Petrie, Breasted, Rogers, Jastrow, Olmstead, Zimmern, Wheeler, Beloch, Duruy, Ferrero, Freeman, Webster, Oman, Jullian, Riehl, Freytag, Treitschke, Lamprecht, Breysig, Rambaud, Wallace, Kleuchevsky, Mavor, Green, Shepherd, Abbott, Bolton, Payne, Fox, Schlessinger, Hulbert, Turner, Beard, Dodd, Schmoller, Sombart, Seignobos, Burckhardt, Pollard, Marvin, Vinogradoff, Maitland, Shotwell, Poole, Lecky, Dill, Rashdall, Morley, Benn, Merz, Bury, Acton, Gooch—I started out to make a complete list; but it would take too long. Most interesting of all, I find my own name in repeated and honorable association with the newer historians. Thus it seems that for a hundred years and more there have been any number of newer historians and new histories. While naively waiting for the appearance of even one new history, I was myself writing the new history. And so I ask are there any orthodox still living? I should like to meet them in order to gather the oral tradition of a rapidly vanishing method.

All my ideas on the new history being thus unsettled by Professor Barnes's excellent book, I take refuge in the lazy notion that the classification of historians into old and new is neither very informing nor very useful. Besides, it has its practical difficulties. For example. Professor Haskins formerly made careful researches into the institutions, chiefly political, of mediæval Normandy. He has recently published excellent studies on mediæval science. And I recall a brilliant book of his on "The Normans in Europe"—a work which might well be called "synthetic history." Well, how shall I classify him? Does he belong to the new or the old school? Is he orthodox or heretic? Is he a political, a social, or an intellectual historian? Not knowing how otherwise to classify Professor Haskins, I am content to say merely that he is a thoroughly competent scholar who has chosen to study certain special aspects of the past life of man, and has written admirable books—admirable that is in their kind, not admirable in some other kind.

It is true I am not much interesed in the political institutions of mediæval Normandy. Are Professor Haskins's studies in that field therefore merely competent exercises in barren antiquarianism? I cannot answer that question. Professor Barnes seems to be rather certain of the grand objective of historical studies. Not being so sure myself, I do not ask any historian, or any group of historians, to prepare a "complete picture of the past" to the end that the present generation may comprehend "how and why the present state of civilization came about." I do not ask the historian to do this, because I think it is impossible to do it. I prefer, with James Harvey Robinson, to "find solace and intellectual repose in surrendering all attempts to define history, and in conceding that it is the business of the historian to find out anything about mankind in the past which he believes to be interesting or important and about which there are sources of information." Therefore I do not ask of the historian that he write new history rather than old, psychological rather than political; I ask only that he write a good book about something that interests him. This is asking a good deal, but it is not asking the impossible.

What the historian will chiefly need in order to write a good book is intelligence, experience of men and things, insight into human conduct, literary ability, and last but not least knowledge (the more the better, whether of the newer or the older sciences of mankind), knowledge of the subject matter first of all, and then of anything in heaven or earth that may have a bearing on it. Knowing the newer sciences of geography, anthropology, psychology, sociology, politics, economics, and ethics, or some part of them, may indeed be useful. But the systematic mastery of so many disciplines is not for all. It requires the encyclopaedia and the coördinating type of mind. Professor Barnes has this type of mind. He has acquired this comprehensive knowledge. He has made good use of it. I hope he will now make a still better use of it by writing a new history, instead of writing more articles and books telling us how to write the new history.

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A Powerful Novel

THE MONKEY PUZZLE. By J. D. Beresford. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by Johan J. Smertenko

AT last J. D. Beresford has broken through. These are hardly the words to describe his carefully controlled story and his artfully articulated thesis except in so far as "The Monkey Puzzle" has torn aside the invisible barrier that keeps an author's work the select pastures of a few rather than the favorite common of a large following. I have consciously put this prophecy in the past tense to indicate the certainty of its fulfilment. "The Monkey Puzzle" will have pæans sung in its honor as long as a judge of good literature has breath to utter its praises.

To deserve this Mr. Beresford has done the following things:

He has unquestionably chosen one of the most pertinent problems of our time for his theme. What can those men and women who are in step with the age, whose morality and philosophy are born of the enlightenment and development in the twentieth century, whose needs and desires are also children of the physical and spiritual riches recently uncovered—what can they do, pray, when the life they lead in accordance with this new spirit conflicts—as it inevitably must—with the mediæval conceptions and taboos held by the incogitant masses? What shall Brenda, beautiful and clean, do against the salacious, sadist Mrs. Priestley and the Village? What can Tristram, brave, honest, powerful, do against the concupiscent, venomous vicar's wife and the equally prurient, sanctimonious vicar, and the Village? And, of course, the heedless genius, Mattocks, is doomed at the very first contact with the foul-minded, impervious Village and its toughs.

Make no mistake. Mr. Beresford meets the question fairly. These persons are not low-caste Bohemians battling against organized society for the right to be abnormal. Tristram and Brenda Wing are lord and lady of the manor. They own the Village; they give the vicar his living; it is by their permission that Mrs. Priestley finds lodgings with Miss Latimer; and as Judge, Tristram might easily pay off Popple and the ruffians. Nevertheless, the toughs are unpunished, the vicarage is victorious and the Village unassailable.

Yet the answer is far from being stark tragedy.—And that is another thing Mr. Beresford has done. The children, Mr. and Mrs. Fullerton, and even the tragic protagonists themselves serve as constant comic relief. Here is a story more powerful in its presentation of painful, overwhelming futility than Dostoievsky's "Idiot," yet it never disarranges the punctilious combination of trivialities which constitutes the normal course of English country life. There is no undefined craving, no muddled abstraction, no impotent frenzy; there is poise and certainty and good taste.

Mr. Beresford, in other words, has mastered his medium. He has put his theme in a compact and thrilling story of love and conflict; and he is as convincing in his thesis as he is compelling in his plot. But, more than that, he is the first author I know who has utilized the teachings of contemporary psychology as a novelist rather than as a registrar. He has not been content to label hopeless manikins out of Dr. Freud's nomenclature but, having assimilated the magic knowledge that reveals personality, he has drawn his characters with as little recourse to the terminology of psychoanalysis as had Shakespeare.

Finally, Mr. Beresford has given his story the permanent beauty of a sure and matured style, exquisite in its simplicity, charming in its whimsy and effective in its reality.

"I shall ask mummy, then," Elise replied. "Unless you'll tell us, father?" she concluded hopefully.

"Does mummy tell you everything you ask her?" he said.

"She always tries to," Elise boasted, quite aware of her mother's unusual quality. "Course, there's some things I *can't* understand till I'm a bit older, things like 'lectricity and there not being really any up and down; but this isn't one of those sort, is it?"

"I'm not at all sure whether it is or not," Tristram said, with a whimsical smile, thinking of Elise's second instance. "Everything comes back to relativity in some kind of way."

Elise screwed up her face. "Things like Mr. Orpin's nose?" she asked, and then: "Does mine do it?"

Her father shook his head. "No, I'm glad you haven't got a nose like Mr. Orpin, Elise," he said.

"Why?" she asked, opening her eyes very wide.

"It wouldn't look pretty on you," he told her.

"That wasn't what you meant, father," she protested; "'cause I just know it was'nt. Father, has Mr. Orpin done something horrid?"

Tristram shook his head. "I'm not going to answer any more questions," he continued. "You'd better talk to me nicely."

"She tells us *everything*," Elise boasted for the second time.

The adult conversation is naturally more profound; it is no less playful, however. What it loses of naiveté and nonsense, it gains of wisdom and humor. The reader moves from incident to incident unto the inevitable climax on a steady, sparkling current emotionally deep and wide in filiation.

Crepitant Fantasy

FIRECRACKERS. By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925.

Reviewed by Henry B. Fuller

THE most favorable account of this sprightly book, extracted from material within itself, would make it a whimsical, fantastic plea for the Life Athletic. The exceptional and Protean hero is an acrobat who, up to the time of calamitously falling in love, lives in a happy union of physical and psychical soundness—"understanding how to be happy and intelligent at the same time." The sub-heroine, a clever and blasé child of ten, deserts society for the trapeze and the parallel bars. Even her governess, having fitted herself out with the necessary accompaniment of pseudo-philosophical flim-flam, opens a gymnasium for the children of the wealthy and prominent. And a picturesque group of "professionals" serves to show what the Great City can yield in curios to the searching eye, and to remind us how essential to the trained body is the virtuous life.

Adenez, King of the Minstrels, reciting before the Queen of France. From "Life in Mediæval France," by Joan Evans (Oxford University Press).

However, the life athletic is frequently superseded, in these pages, by the life luxurious—using the word in its most lexicographical sense. This takes us, perhaps inappropriately, into the realm of the archaic and the obsolete: an injustice, it may be, to pages that are nothing if not modern and current. Yet the pursuit of a young man by an older woman—even by an elderly woman—has become rather too common of late, whether in book or play. Perhaps it marks, as well as anything else, the advance of a "civilization" which has advanced too far. The present pages revive the luxurious heroine of "The Blind Bow-Boy" to trouble the established peace of the youthful hero; and they even detail the concluding adventures of the amorous heroine of "The Tatooed Countess." "Young Love," as sung by the poets and as pictured by earlier novelists, seems far enough away.

Mr. Van Vechten explains his title with some particularity. We are to think of his group of people "in terms of a packet of firecrackers." It's all in the application of the match. If you fail to apply it the bunch remains but a collection of separate entities, explosionless and without inter-reactions. But ignite the first firecracker and there succeeds a series of crackling detonations, involving the explosion of the whole bunch. Mr. Van Vechten applies the match: the crackers act and react. Of course, a bunch of firecrackers seldom goes off with well-spaced symmetry. "Firecrackers," therefore, cannot quite claim the studied regularity of "The Tattooed Countess," yet it is not so whimsically irregular as "Peter Whiffle." Indeed, at the very end, the chief crackers explode in a fine, effective unison, and so bring this highly crepitant book to such a close as shall not fail to reach the ears of the most heedless.

Throughout the author is concerned with New York—the naughty, semi-fantastic, and somewhat exotic city which he has made for himself: made in his own image, if one may borrow words from a higher source. He is "high," too; and he is also diverting; and being both, his dedication to Mr. Cabell seems appropriate enough. His extremely individualistic pages lead one on easily and irresistibly. One becomes a participant—almost an accomplice. If one scarcely knows now and then—subject-matter considered—whether to be glad or sorry, he can make up his account by crediting all this light-handed whimsy and invention to that phase in the evolution of a metropolitan centre which gives it, eventually, a fairy-tale in consonance with its own nature and taste. The artist, true, may have been born beyond its bounds, yet he is best nourished within them. Mr. Van Vechten will doubtless leave any metropolitan epic to other pens, but his own seems equal to turning the peculiar lyrics that the "time" and the "place"—to borrow the language of the playbill—alike call for.

Some Poets Explain

THE WAY OF THE MAKERS. By Marguerite Wilkinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by Muna Lee

TWELVE hundred years ago, more or less, Aldhelm wrote the first study of verse made by an Englishman. The intervening millenium has produced a great many authoriti[es] have not only codified the laws of English but have explained with varying degrees of tableness just how—if one may venture [to] modernism—poets get that way. Poets themselves have sometimes protested against the motives attributed to them; and often enough have worked on in blissful ignorance of the methods they were assumed to pursue. Meanwhile, it has usually been the critic and not the poet who is asked to explain how as well as why poetry is written; perhaps on the theory that we ask a jeweler and not an oyster to evaluate a pearl.

Shelley lying upon a hearth rug with his head to the blaze that the heat might stimulate his brain to poetic activity; Swift in his nightcap, swathed in blankets and propped upon pillows in a draughty lodging-house, scribbling verses to Stella amid the thickening cold; Wordsworth walking the hills with his terrier, and, on the achievement of "a lovely Image in the song" darting at the hapless animal to "let loose My hand upon his back in stormy joy" . . . what do they prove, the three of them, as to the influences favoring composition? Well, to be reasonable, they prove nothing—no three scattered examples could prove anything, taken by themselves. Individual differences (and any half-dozen poets will evidence the extent of variation) are quite naturally responsible for differences in method; while the deeper questions of motive and underlying inspiration may well prove indeterminable. Nevertheless, very interesting deductions can be drawn from the collated testimony of many poets; and it is precisely this tabulation of data which Mrs. Wilkinson has made her purpose in the entertaining, informative, and richly suggestive volume under review. She has in general compiled the declarations of the poets; then stated her own brief *posteriori* conclusions: and it is no reflection on her work as editor and critic to say that the mass of material she presents is in itself more interesting than any editorial summing-up could be.

The volume is divided into seven sections: "The Poetic Nature," "The Poet's Travail," "The Primary Inspiration," "The Secondary Inspiration," "Themes for Poems," "How Poets Work," and, finally, "Concerning Fame;" in which latter division the poets not only define and estimate the value of fame, but appraise contemporary criticism, the verdict upon which seems to change little from

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generation to generation. In every case Mrs. Wilkinson has drawn her illustrative material from the poets themselves, with selections ranging from the sixteenth century to the present; the comments being sometimes embodied in a poem, again in extracts from letters and diaries, as well as from more formal prose. Spenser's "Goe, litel boke" is here; Shelley's "Statue of Minerva;" Elinor Wylie's "Jeweled Bindings;" citations from Milton, Coleridge, Chaucer, Padraic Colum, Santayana, *et al.*

* * *

The witnesses show a fair amount of unanimity in defining the poetic nature. Its child-like responsiveness to both the external and the spiritual universe and its play with make-believe are testified to by Emerson, Francis Thompson, Dr. Johnson, George E. Woodberry; while Walter de la Mare, in accord with the foregoing, cautions us to remember that the distinctive qualities of childhood are in fact gravity and imagination. There is less uniformity in the report upon the methods of work and the impulse toward it. Dryden's letter on his St. Cecilia Ode suggests one powerful stimulus—or rather, two: the writing of the ode is "troublesome and in no way beneficial," he complains in a letter to his son, "but I could not deny the stewards of the feast who came in a body to desire that kindness . . . I hope to send you thirty guineas between Michaelmas and Christmas." The perfect contrast to this mixture of moral and pecuniary urge is Byron's summary of his day: "Today I have boxed an hour—written an ode on Napoleon Bonaparte—eaten six biscuits—drunk four bottles of soda water—read away the rest of my time—besides giving poor —— a world of advice about the mistress of his, who is plaguing him into a phthisic and intolerable tediousness." What poets seem always to regard as the greatest and most uncommon material boon is freedom from petty worry: most of them testify that while Grief is usually a creative influence, minor preoccupations result in a deadly sapping of power. "Do you know Vexation, the slayer?" Meredith asks in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Jessop. "There is very little poetry to be done when one is severely and incessantly harassed."

As regards the "primary inspiration," it would seem that most poets see it as a rushing wind, demoniac possession, a power descending. Coleridge defines it as "a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal ac tof creation in the infinite *I am.*" Emerson says that "The universal nature, too strong for the petty nature of the bard, sits on his neck and writes through his hand." Anna Hempstead Branch finds that "writing poetry is a process of listening." And A. E.'s characteristic explanation is that "the mortal in us has memory of all wisdom."

* * *

It is interesting to note that what Mrs. Wilkinson—following Coleridge's classification—calls the secondary inspiration, the immediate impulse toward the making of a given poem, is frequently a word, a phrase, which proves to be the germ of poetry, the grain of sand which is to be nucleus of the pearl. The thought comes first, shaping the form, Emerson tells us: and his idea fundamentally is but a variation of Ben Jonson's comment that "There cannot be one color of the mind; another of the wit." There are many voices to warn us, however, that a poet's symbol must not be too rigorously applied to himself. Certainly the ear as well as the voice colors a tone. It is well to remember that poetry, at least lyric poetry, is largely suggestive.

In the section on working method, it is worthy of the novice's attention that many of his betters advise that the poem should be set down only after it has matured within the mind; cautioning that radical change in a poem once drafted is difficult. It would seem almost universal experience that the initial choice of form generally precludes changing to another: a sonnet will remain a sonnet, not successfully becoming blank verse nor quatrains; though in the perfected version there may be hardly a phrase which stands in words identical with those of the first draft. Even Pope, lover of perfection, advises against too much fussing with the poem: "In poetry, as in painting," he says, "a man may lay colors one upon another till they stiffen and deaden the piece."

If one is to judge by the comments in the closing pages of the book, all poets in all ages have discounted the value of contemporary criticism, with its long list of atrocities; but they have generally revealed their humanizing weakness by admitting its baneful power over their own spirits, valueless though it might be. About an equal number of poets seem to love solitude and to flee from it: as many seem born to express their environment as to voice a revolt against it. Evidently poetry comes into the world through many diverse gates. One fact worthy of comment is that many modern poets have begun writing comparatively late in life, as opposed to their predecessors who seem for the most part to have written "always," as the vague phrase goes. A reading of Mrs. Wilkinson's absorbingly interesting compendium gives rise to questions with a string of implications which emphasize Robert Graves's prophecy that the study of poetry will soon pass into the hands of the psychologists. Nor does there seem good reason to doubt his heartfelt conclusion, "And what a mess they'll make of it to be sure!"

A Graphic Chronicle

THE JOURNAL OF NICHOLAS CRESSWELL, 1774-1777. LINCOLN MACVEAGH: The Dial Press. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

A DERBYSHIRE youth of twenty-four, eager for money and adventure, sails for the American Colonies to make his fortune, and coming up the Rappahannock, finds himself in a Province seething with revolt. Believing that the discontent will soon subside, he remains. He finds work as a surveyor, and makes a frontier tour of the wild Kentucky and Ohio border, living with rough men, killing a panther, and observing Indian life. The war begins and he becomes a prisoner under parole; he goes to Philadelphia just after independence, and New York just before fighting begins there between Washington and Howe; and finally by a daring exploit he seizes a small boat at Norfolk and escapes to the British ships off Old Point Comfort. These are the materials of Nicholas Cresswell's Diary, which begins in May, 1774, and ends in the autumn of 1777, when he returned home to England. It is that rare combination, a first-hand narrative that is as interesting to the general reader as it is valuable to the historian. Indeed, there is no work on the British side—not the journals of Baroness Riedesel, or of the loyalist Samuel Curwen—that equals it. The author pretended to no literary skill, but he had what was much better, a faculty for close observation, a blunt graphic mode of expressing himself, and a frank willingness to reveal his own personality.

Cresswell was indignant from the outset at the "abominable intentions" of the rascally rebels, and throughout all vicissitudes remained a sturdily loyal Briton. His diary offers a vivid view of the growth of revolt in Virginia. In the fall of 1774 he found all business at a standstill, committees ruling, troops drilling, the King cursed, and "everything ripe for rebellion." He kept his mouth shut and watched the increasing turmoil. As early as January 19, 1776, we find him noting that "A pamphlet called 'Common Sense' makes a great noise," and the next month predicting that independence will soon be declared. Nothing else, he says, will go down. The news of independence actually reached him in Leesburg, Virginia, on July 9, and gave him great uneasiness. When he set out northward in a vain attempt to obtain full liberty, he met recruiting parties, bodies of soldiers in various towns, 400 English prisoners in Lancaster, Pa., and other signs of warfare. At New York he saw the American army, and was by no means favorably impressed by it. The Yankee troops, he remarked, were "the nastiest devils in creation," their personal habits being filthy beyond description. The army as a whole he found "numerous, but ragged, dirty, sickly, and ill-disciplined. If my countrymen are beaten by these ragamuffins I shall be much surprised." To the very end of his sojourn he remained confident of British victory. At one time, in the winter of 1776-77, he thought the rebellion about to collapse. The violent Whigs were much dispirited, the timid Whigs gave up all for lost, and the Tories of Virginia began to exult. But immediately afterward he had to admit that Washington's victory at Trenton had completely altered the aspect of the war:

> Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1777. The news is confirmed. The minds of the people are much changed. A few days ago they had given up the cause for lost. Their late successes have turned the scale and now they are all liberty mad again. Their recruiting parties could not get a man (except he bought him from his master) no longer since than last week, and now the men are coming in by companies. Confound the turncoat scoundrels and the cowardly Messians altogether. This has given them new spirits, got them fresh succours, and will prolong the war, perhaps for two years. They have recovered their panic and it will not be an easy matter to throw them into that confusion again.

Gifted with an eager curiosity, Cresswell made many social observations of interest. He describes the landing of a gang of newly imported negro slaves in Virginia, with creditable compassion for the naked, woe-begone blacks. The slovenly agriculture of the Virginia lowlands troubled his English eye, and he noted that even the greatest planters, like Washington, had little money income. "They game high," he said of the Virginians, "spend freely, and dress exceedingly gay, but I observe that they seldom show any money, it is all tobacco notes." He himself had an almost fatal experience of the wretched quackery that passed for medical attention in the Tidewater region. The diary is full of references to hard drinking, and Cresswell had no difficulty in finding boisterous companions. He complains bitterly of the tryannical rigor of the patriot committees, but on his own testimony he was generously treated; he heard only a few vague threats of tarring and feathering, and influential men, including George Mason, befriended him. It need not be said that his account of roughing it on the Miami and Ohio Rivers is of great interest, or that his sketches of Philadelphia and New York in 1776 are valuable. The former he thought the most regular, neat, and convenient city he had ever seen, the latter he found less agreeable:

> It is on a point of land with wharfs two thirds of the way round the town and very near the Sea. The town is not so regular as Philadelphia, nor so extensive, neither has it so many good buildings, but more elegant ones both public and private . . . There was a fine equestrian statue of His Majesty, but the Sleber has pulled it down and cast it into bullets. The statue of the Earl of Chatham is still standing unhurt in the attitude of an apple woman, dressed like a Roman Orator. I am not a judge, but I don't think it clever. The liberty pole, as they call it, is covered with iron bars. Streets fortified with small batteries towards the River.

* * *

Cresswell's own character is an interesting study. Frank, honorable, impulsive, he candidly admits his many weaknesses, which ranged from Indian squaws to bowls of toddy. He was a hail fellow well met to everybody, and made some unfortunate friends. His resourcefulness was demonstrated when he both made a living and placated the Virginia patriots by manufacturing nitre, while his escape was a striking exhibition of nerve. The reader takes leave of him, shearing sheep again on his father's Derbyshire farm, the war now less important to him than the unmarried daughters of Neighbor Needham, with regret. It is strange that a document of such varied interest should have lain unregarded in the drawers of the Cresswell heirs for a century and a half.

An effort is being made to save Eugene Field's old home in Chicago from being wrecked and replaced by a warehouse. Two old friends have started a movement to purchase the house and convert it into a memorial library and museum. The idea seems to be meeting with cordial support and a widespread appeal will probably be made in behalf of the plan.

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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET ..... *Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*

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A Revolutionary Martyr

ROSA LUXEMBURG. Letters to Karl and Luise Kautsky, from 1896 to 1918. Edited by LUISE KAUTSKY and translated from the German by LOUIS P. LOCHNER. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN SPARGO

MADAME LUISE KAUTSKY, wife of the great theoretician of German Socialism, has rendered an important and distinguished service to students of international Socialism and its history by making public a collection of letters written by Rosa Luxemburg. At the same time, by her careful annotations to the letters and her tender and illuminating introduction, she has produced a singularly beautiful and worthy memorial to one of the most remarkable women the international Socialist movement has ever produced, to whom the term "martyr" can be applied without the least suggestion of affectation or cant.

This collection of letters, supplementing the earlier published collection of Rosa Luxemburg's letters to Sophie, wife of her co-martyr, Karl Liebknecht, will incidentally elucidate some complicated and obscure pages in the history of the once great German Social Democracy. Its chief value, however, is the light it throws upon the strangely complex character and personality of the agitator and revolutionist whose sobriquet, "Red Rosa" attests her flaming passionate spirit, but who is here self-revealed as a gentle and generous woman with a rare capacity for friendship and, outside of politics, a large tolerance.

With the exception of a few brief notes to Kautsky's mother, all the letters in this collection were addressed to Karl and Luise Kautsky, sometimes separately, sometimes jointly. Chronologically they embrace the twenty-two years, 1896-1918. Within that period international Socialism rose to its greatest height of glory and sank to its greatest depth of degradation, and in the great drama Rosa Luxemburg was a notable actor. The story is not told in these letters, of course, but there are flashes which suggest momentary raisings of the curtain giving vivid glimpses of the stage. Beginning with the most formal communications of a rather youthful contributor to the learned editor of *Die Neue Zeit*, the correspondence develops, in rapid tempo, through the phase of ardent discipleship to that of tender and intimate affection for the whole Kautsky family. Many of the letters are trivial enough, brief communications concerning party matters of no present interest or moment, or postcards with messages of friendly greeting written on trains or in railway waiting rooms. These are rightly included, for not less than the more pretentious letters they contribute to our understanding of the vivid personality of the writer.

The earliest of the letters were written in 1896, as already noted. That was the year in which I first met Rosa Luxemburg. She came to London in July of that year as a delegate to the International Socialist Congress. She was twenty-six years old—a small, rather frail, good-looking young woman with remarkably bright eyes. If I am not mistaken, she sat in the Congress as a representative of that faction of the Polish Socialist movement which was opposed to nationalism and Polish independence and identified itself with the Social Democratic parties of Germany and Austria. I recall quite clearly that the vivacious young Polish Jewess attained distinction in a gathering that included notables such as Liebknecht and Bebel. She spoke with great vigor and was listened to with more than ordinary attention.

During many years thereafter she was one of the foremost leaders of Polish Socialism, always opposing Polish nationalism. Her concept of internalism was, to the very end, the vainly romantic one involving the extinction of nationalism. In the fierce intellectual struggles associated with the history of the Polish Socialist movement the name of Rosa Luxemburg is written large. But that was not enough for her: she became a German citizen through a "marriage" that was no more than a legal device, adopted for the purpose, and took up her residence in Germany. In all the party congresses from 1900 onward she was a prominent figure. She was second only to Kautsky himself in the opposition to Bernstein and the whole "revisionist" movement in the party. She was deeply and profoundly stirred by the events of 1905 in Russia and Finland, and thereafter became Germany's most ardent advocate of the general strike as a political instrument. Imprisoned in Germany in 1904 for *lèse majesté* and inciting class war, and in Warsaw in 1906 for her participation in the "underground" movement, she became a popular heroine. Of all this activity these letters give glimpses. There are notable gaps—sometimes of months and sometimes of years—due to the fact that she saw the Kautskys almost daily, so that letters were unnecessary. The inevitable result is that one seeks in vain for some things and wishes that he could turn to other letters written to such men as Vaillant, Guesde, Lenin, and Adler, to complete the picture.

From the viewpoint of Socialist history, then, these letters are simply footnotes. Her references to Russia are so scattered and so incidental that one hesitates whether to use them as footnotes, even. She was contemptuous (and one is inclined to say contemptible) in her attitude toward Georges Plechanov, whose judgment has been so abundantly vindicated by Russia's tragic experience. "Our friend Trotzky is revealing himself more and more as a bad actor," she wrote in 1911. Martov disgusted her, and it would seem that she distrusted Lenin—at least in 1911. Perhaps for the reason that in 1903 she had called him "Nicholas III." From her prison cell in Breslau she wrote at the end of November, 1917, concerning the Bolshevik revolution: "Of course they will not be able to maintain themselves."

* * *

She wanted world wide revolution. That alone could save the Russian revolution, she believed. It was her frantic efforts to promote that world wide revolution which inspired her foes to murder her. When the Social Democrats in the Reichstag, with the sole exception of Karl Liebknecht, voted the war credits in 1914, she was made almost insane by grief and disappointment. She seriously contemplated suicide. Breaking from the party, she associated herself with a small group and carried on an underground propaganda against the war through the famous Spartacus letters and the equally famous "Junius Pamphlet." Sentenced in February, 1915, to a year's imprisonment, from her cell she managed to send forth these powerful missives. On her release in February, 1916, she at once joined with Karl Liebknecht in planning a revolutionary propaganda which would bring the war to a close. In July of that year she was placed under "precautionary arrest" and confined in prison, first in Berlin, then in Wronke (Posen) and finally in Breslau. The revolution of November, 1918, set both her and Liebknecht free. They organized the Communist Party and published as its organ the *Rote Fahne*, to take the place of the Spartacus Letters. Madame Kautsky tells us that Rosa Luxemburg was far from being in full accord with the policy of the party of which she and Liebknecht were the acknowledged leaders; that she was carried far beyond her depths by a current she had released but was unable to check or control. How she and Liebknecht were foully and brutally murdered is too well known to require repetition here. Months after the murder her swollen corpse was found in the river. "I shall some day die at my post: in a street fight or in the house of correction," she once wrote to Sophie Liebknecht.

What most appeals to me in these letters is not the testimony they bear to her marvelous energy, her many-sided activity in the Socialist movement, or her intellectual gifts. Far more than any or all of these, more even than the tragedy of the last phase, the revelation of the woman herself seems to me to be the supreme justification of the book. There was a Rosa Luxemburg who was quite another being from "Red Rosa," the revolutionist, and even from Rosa Luxemburg the party teacher. That other Rosa Luxemburg could find joy in portrait painting, in serious study of botany and close acquaintance with the flowers she knew and loved so well. She found her best expression in loving service to her friends. It is the human quality in these letters, revealing as they do a generous and lovable spirit with a perfect genius for friendship and for happy living, which will keep them longest in remembrance.

Mystical Thought

THE MYSTICAL ELEMENTS IN MOHAMMED. By JOHN CLARK ARCHER. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925.

A SMALL TOWN MAN. By MARY AUSTIN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by RUFUS M. JONES
Haverford College

ARABIAN mysticism is well-known and has produced an important literature; but Dr. Archer breaks new ground in his attempt to find a fundamental strand of mysticism in Mohammed and in the Koran. The most interesting thing about the attempt is that it is a marked success. The book is a small one, but the quality of it is excellent and the scholarship sound.

Dr. Archer takes the ground that Mohammed was a mystic in the technical sense of the word and a mystic, too, not merely in mental attitude but in habitual practice as well. The great prophet was very familiar with the practices of the Arabian Christian monks and hermits, and he made himself an expert in the practices which prepare for mystical experience, *i. e.*, for the consciousness of the presence of God. He possessed, as this book shows, a marked capacity for feeling the reality of the unseen world, and his worldly wisdom was joined with a corresponding power to *see the invisible*. One of Mohammed's followers—a later Sufi mystic—says that God declared to the prophet, "I am not contained in aught above or below, I am not contained in earth or sky, or even in highest heaven. Know this for a surety, O, beloved. Yet I am contained in the believer's heart."

One of the most interesting traits of Mohammed's mysticism, as expounded by Dr. Archer, is his constant emphasis on the nearness of God. "God," says Mohammed, "is the fourth when three are met together, the sixth when five are met, and He is with any number of men wherever they are." "He is, if anything, nearer the dying than the living." "When one prays there is no need to use a loud voice, as if God were afar off. *He hears even what a man's own soul whispers to the man himself.*" "He is closer to one than his own neck-vein." "He comes in between a man and his very heart." This will be enough to make it quite evident that the author has found a genuine vein of mystical life and thought in the great prophet.

* * *

Mary Austin's book is of a wholly different type. It is not the fruit of scholarship; it is a literary study. The writer has done a large amount of research but she does not possess the background and technical training of a Biblical scholar. She has, however, other qualifications which fit her for what she has undertaken to do. She has produced a unique account of the Great Galilean. It is vivid, graphic, daring, often brilliant. There are frequent touches of genius in it, but there are signs, too, of oddity and caprice. It does not, in my judgment, measure up to that remarkable book by another woman, which is called "By an Unknown Disciple." I shall let others speak of her general treatment of the life in Nazareth, of the social, economic, and political background of Jesus's times, and of the work and ministry of that brief, though wonderful, public career. I shall deal only with the mystical note of the book.

She makes the claim that "the genius of Jesus was for mysticism and his mysticism was of the inner life of the spirit." She believes that his small-town home life and his small-town disciples carried his "gospel" over to social issues with which he was not fitted or equipped to deal, and that through this mistaken emphasis much of his work has failed to arrive, but wherever he speaks as a mystic and tells what his experience of God has revealed to him, he has eternal value and significance. His *practice of the Presence of God* is for her his supreme contribution and his ground for continual spiritual leadership. "They dreamed," she says, "of a society full born, permanently stabilized, in which there should be none hurt and no more crying, the lamb lying down with the lion." And she adds: "Of all the things taken over by the Christian Church, this has proved the most stultifying, this dream of a hand-made heaven, made by the hand of Jehovah." "The dream was put off century by century, until finally, after a thousand years in which nothing of that nature happened, it was put off until after death,

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from which remote region it still reaches a paralyzing finger."

But turn away to the mystical aspect and all is different. Here the touch is sure, the insight infallible, the leading that of a safe, wise guide. He had "sight, from unplumbed deeps in him, of the profoundest mystery of the universe, the mystery of the fundamental shift of energy which underlies all change." "The corner stone of his mystical knowing, the oneness of the nature of God, conceived as spirit, and man the projection of that spirit into the world of sense, has become the head and foundation of modern science." "For two thousand years it has been overlooked that the recorded life of Jesus ended, not on the cross, but on the mountain."

Mary Austin's book—a new and enlarged editions of an earlier work—will reach and appeal to many readers. It arrests attention, it is out of the conventional order and it strikes a note of sincerity and reality. But it leaves much unsaid; there is much more light and truth still to break forth from the life of the Great Galilean.

Facets of the Theatre

LAUGHING ANNE—ONE DAY MORE. Two Plays by JOSEPH CONRAD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925.

GLAMOUR. By STARK YOUNG. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925.

A PLAYER UNDER THREE REIGNS. By SIR JOHNSON FORBES-ROBERTSON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by WALTER PRICHARD EATON

IN his introduction to Conrad's two plays (the only two Conrad wrote, except for his stage version of "The Secret Agent"), John Galsworthy is reverently friendly, but manages to escape the general swooning which takes place at mention of the Master's name. "One Day More" he says is "nearly a little masterpiece"—and we see him vanishing quickly through the convenient loophole of the adverb. "Laughing Anne," he declares, is "a pleasure to read." Wise Mr. Galsworthy—when it was meant to be acted! And for "The Secret Agent"—he praises the novel. The manuscript of "The Secret Agent" went the rounds of all the New York managers a few seasons ago, and was read by more than one of them, or by their advisers, with the greatest care. But it was everywhere rejected, for the very good reason that it was a very bad play. A set of characters talked all through Act one. Act two began with an entirely new set of characters, engaged so far as any mortal could discover in an entirely new story, and the first set, and the first story, were no more heard of till a later act. That may be an excellent way to write a novel, but a worse could hardly be chosen by a playwright. In neither "Laughing Anne" nor "One Day More" does Conrad err quite so atrociously, but in neither does he really set a dramatic story going and let it march with a true consciousness of what is effective on the stage.

The former, dramatized from "Because of the Dollars," has a clumsy opening act of exposition in the Do-you-remember style, and a still more clumsy and inadequately developed last act of sheer melodrama, about one-quarter as long as it should be to get its proper effect, and played all in the dark—an almost impossible demand, as Galsworthy points out. The one character which might be acted with any considerable effect is that of a man without hands! Galsworthy says this would be too horrible. It wouldn't; it would be too ridiculous. The actor's arms would look as long as a gorilla's.

"One Day More" is rather the better of the two for stage purposes, if only because it is in one act, sustaining a mood to the end. But here, again, the character of the blind father, admired by Galsworthy, is close to burlesque crustiness, and the character of Captain Hagberd is that of an idiot—and insanity on the stage is no longer contemplated with any pleasure, even tragic pleasure, by audiences. There remains only the wistful pathos of Bessie, and her cry to her vanishing hope of a lover, down the road, is the one authentic note of drama in Conrad's theatrical attempts. Galsworthy declares that these plays show he *might* have written plays if he had given his whole attention to it, and mastered the necessary technique. Perhaps. But, like Henry James, he tried plays not from love of the theatre but from hope of royalties. He turned to the theatre briefly, with some scorn. I cannot myself regard this as Conrad's tragedy. Rather are his plays an indication of a flaw in his artistic integrity.

What Conrad entirely lacked, Stark Young, the critic, has in overflowing measure—that passionate and even at times unreasonable love of the playhouse which has always characterized successful workers in the theatrical arts. In calling his latest collection of papers about plays and players and playing, "Glamour," he has happily expressed what it is he seeks and often in rather unexpected places finds, in his pilgrimages along Broadway. When he doesn't find it, he finds a glamour in telling the offending actors, in his choicest prose, that it *ought* to be there—as in Margalo Gilmore's Consuelo, in "He Who Gets Slapped." Mr. Young, of course, finds the peculiar glamour which is most satisfying to his subtle æstheticism in the art of Duse, and it is acting like hers which calls forth his most characteristic passages, passages not untouched, one fancies, by subconscious memories of Pater's prose and Pater's individualized and reiterated vocabulary, with its evocative power. A brief chapter called "Wonder in Acting," ends with this paragraph, which justly enough may illustrate both the direction of Mr. Young's search for glamour in the theatre, and the wrought texture of his style—a style his daily newspaper reviews do not adequately mirror:—

> And so in the art of acting it is the revelation of some ultimate reasonableness rather than mere expected logic, of something luminous as well as convincing, that distinguishes talent from intention. There is always about a moment of fine acting a kind of fringe of wonder. A certain section of it, obviously, must satisfy mere daylight, reasonable expectation; must appear to explain itself; possess its rightness and propriety; it must accord to what we call, offhand, the mind, to the mind's consideration and exercise. But at either end of this plausible section it moves toward the farther reaches of our living, and it is lifelike in so far as it begins and ends in wonder.

Conrad's connection with the theatre was brief and that of an outsider. The theatre owes him nothing. Young's connection (though he has been both playwright and director) is chiefly that of commentator and critic. Sir Johnson Forbes-Robertson, on the contrary, has given nearly half a century of his life to the nightly creation of dramatic illusion, to carrying on the torch of the Royal Line handed from Betterton to Garrick, from Garrick to Kean, from Kean to Macready, from Macready to Irving and Forbes-Robertson. His Hamlet was truly a sweet Prince, and from his lips the meaning and the music of verse came exquisitely married. His Caesar, in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," had all the weight of the grand manner, but the ease and naturalness of thorough-going modernity. Behind this player was a long tradition, and his personal background, too, was rich in early association with the pre-Raphaelite painters, with Samuel Butler, with Jimmie Whistler, with most that was alive and worthy in the England of his day. From a player of such obvious intelligence, and a man with so many years of rich associations behind him, one naturally expects an autobiography of rather unusual interest and quality.

But one doesn't get it.

One gets, instead, chiefly a succession of names and dates, an outline of the superficial events in Forbes-Robertson's life, from his boyhood years (these form his most charming chapter), through his art student days, his early career on the stage, down to the time a few brief years ago when he doffed for the last time Hamlet's sable suit of woe, in Saunders' Theatre, at Harvard, and said farewell to the stage. There is a kind of stubborn reticence about his autobiography, which may be the mark of a British gentleman, but is certainly not the mark of a born autobiographer. Not even when writing of other people does he pass beyond brief and casual comment, or sketchy anecdote, to any revealing utterance. The book is curiously bare, unimaginative, chilly. Those of us who read anything and everything about the theatre will read this story, for the memories of past events it awakens, and for admiration of the splendid player who wrote it. But no one is likely to read it as we read the divine Sarah's memoires, for the feline purrings, the claws stretched Duse-wards, the promise of shouted secrets; nor as we read Joe Jefferson's autobiography, for the garrulous geniality, the flow of anecdote, the warmth; nor as we read E. H. Sothern's "Melancholy Tale of Me," for the delightful and whimsical literary art in narration.

In spite of the fact that he was not only an actor but a fine actor, it is barely possible that Forbes-Robertson doesn't sufficiently appreciate his subject to do it justice. He lacks sufficient enthusiasm.

Balisand

AS he ascended the steps of the wharf, Richard Bale told himself that he had just landed from the boat that had brought him from Balisand, he was sure, to Toddy Hundred, he had no doubt. A mimosa tree beckoned him with its fragrant clusters, but he could not, he recognized, stop. It was necessary, he knew, to keep moving. On his way, from Balisand, he remembered, in the canoe Richard Bale had drunk three bottles of peach brandy. Was it three? Damned if he knew. It might have been thirty-three, he silently concluded.

There must be no staggering, he admonished himself—no reeling to and fro; he shifted his thoughts to Gawin Todd's announced engagement. To a Miss Lav-Liv-Lovania somebody. That, he assured himself, was a damned hard name to pronounce. A name, he reiterated, damned hard to pronounce.

His room, Richard Bale found, had two beds, two mirrors, two cases of drawers, four chairs and eight windows that looked out, he was confident, upon all quarters of the known world. There was not a spot in all God's creation, he asserted loudly that could not be seen from those windows. Not a damned spot, he reiterated.

The servants, he perceived, who had brought his leather box, had also, he smelt, brought many decanters of Antigua rum. He took a deep drink and then, critically, finished two decanters.

Richard Bale, he realized, then took a drink. He sat on several chairs with his legs on many others and considered the political situation. There was General Washington—or was it Beau Brummell? Damned if he knew. But there he was anyhow or wasn't he? Aaron Burr and Grover Cleveland! He repeated their names with an utter savage contempt. If he could have remembered any other names, he was confident, he would have repeated them also, he told himself, still more savagely, he was sure. After all, it occurred to him it was lime toddy he wanted. There was, he recognized, none.

Richard Bale drank more Antigua rum with an abstracted manner and, he asserted to himself, a steady hand. Six decanters, he found, were empty. Negroes appeared, he was confident, with bowls of lime toddy. How many? Richard Bale speculated. Perhaps eight or twenty, he could not be sure. A few bowls more or less could not matter, he reflected.

He threw the empty bowls, he thought, through the windows, he heard, into the garden, it seemed to him. His hand fell on a polished rectangular, he recognized, case and he lifted out a pistol. With unfaltering steps, he assured himself frequently, he descended, to the drawing room. There was General Washington or was it Gawin Todd? How could he be certain? he asked himself for was not Thomas Jefferson in league with these damned Federalists? Richard Bale thought of the seventy years he had been in the army, fighting from Lexington to Waterloo and back again and it left him in no condition, he realized, for tenderness. There must be no trifling with the Rebels, he insisted. Sumter must be avenged. It must, he reflected, be fifty-four-forty or fight! The Peerless Leader, he had no doubt, would insist on Free Silver, but what was that to Richard Bale of Balisand? he queried. Absolutely nothing, he answered. Not a damned thing.

He could make out the pale indefinite blur, it seemed to him, of a white dress, he told himself. "I am Richard Balisand," he understood himself to say. "And I am Lav-Liv-Lovania—damn such a name!—Roderick or Broderick," she seemed to him to answer. "I wish you would talk politics to me."

"General Washington" he thought—or did he say it? Damned if he knew. "General Washington and Count Cavour have the situation well in hand," he reflected. "If the Treaty of Versailles and the Venezuelan Message," he added.

The bitterness of his life surged within him, he was sure. Or was it Antigua rum? Damned if he knew. How could Benedict Arnold—as he knew him—ever aspire to matrimony with this child? he

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inquired. After all those years in the army,—he had shot deserters—the Wilmot Proviso, he reflected, was no more than enough, if not too much. His loyalty to his old commander, General Washington, he thought it was, could not be sacrificed to the Missouri Compromise. Remember the Raisin! he admonished himself. Also the Alamo, the Roanoke, and the Maine, he added.

He recalled the summer of 1681, when early in January, Blucher with some eight hundred men had —in place of proceeding to Basutoland—joined Lord Raglan at Flodden. He, whoever he was—Richard Bale was not sure—certainly contemplated an offensive—an offensive what? Probably, remark. Damned if he knew. There could not, he knew too well, for he had seen Gawin Todd too often, he reflected, apologize, he considered, for anything, since they both were, in some respects, not, however, he had heard.

There was Richard Bale now, he recognized, with one arm on the bar, a glass of whiskey before him. The taproom, he asserted to himself, was full of men. General Washington, Alex—'scuse me!—zander Hamilton. Sir Roger de Coverley, Tristram Shandy, Tom Jones, John Jeffers, Thomas Adamson, General Washington. Madison made way for him and Franklin, he was confident, politely poured him a bucket of brandy. He drank, he was aware, it.

"We'll have to send an army North," he reiterated. "Jefferson Davis will never consent to arbitration and Cuba must be freed," he murmured. "Do you remember what happened in Massachusetts when Kosciuszko fell? That, sir, shows that the Democrats can never elect their man, be he Talleyrand or be he not."

There she stood, Richard Bale convinced himself, on the topmost stair. She swayed slightly and he took her, he remembered, into his arms, he had no doubt. She neither avoided, he knew too well, nor yielded, he maintained. Then, he insisted, she raised her head, he thought, and he kissed her.

From all quarters, he realized, a small mob was coming together, Gawin Todd in the lead. Or was it Darius Green? Damned if he knew. Mostly they were unfamiliar, but some, Richard Bale was aware, he had often seen after seven bowls of lime-toddy, a bottle of Antigua rum and four gallons of punch. There was General Washington, Sam Adams, Lord Sterling, General Burgoyne, George III and Sir Henry Clinton, inconsiderable figures, they seemed to him beside Richard Bale of Balisand.

"General Washington, you are in bad company," he said gravely. But, he knew too well, it was no time for words. With a selective and calculated aim he shot Gawin Todd, it occurred to him, where his nose, to be precise, met his forehead.

"I call you to witness" he said in a loud voice, "that I loathe and detest what I have done. Whatever feeling I had against Gawin Todd is gone. Gentlemen, of the French Guard, fire first!"

The seconds, he observed, moved away. "Ready, fire, one, two, three—". A shocking blow in the shouder drove him backwards. "I demand another shot," said Richard Bale. "There isn't another shot in the locker," he heard someone saying. "What, no more rum?" he asked himself. Then lime-toddy, punch, brandy, whiskey, anything."

Another blow, this time on the other shoulder, he realized. He opened his eyes. There stood Charles Toddy, in riding clothes, his hands on both Richard Bale's shoulders, shaking him roughly. "Come, come, Richard," he said. "Wake up, man, you've been asleep an hour. You must dress for dinner."

"I cannot possibly do that, General Washington," said he, "until I've had a drink." He rose on one elbow. Through the gathering dark, he saw someone bending over him. "Kiss me, Hardy," he said, with a clear voice. Then he sank back and, in Charles Toddy's arms, Richard Bale of Balisand lay dead—drunk.

CHRISTOPHER WARD.

"Aldworth, Tennyson's house on Blackdown, to which the Poetry Society made a pilgrimage the other day, now belongs to the Gaekwar of Baroda (says the *Manchester Guardian*). He does not live there, and the house, with its most beautiful view over the Weald, is empty. The Gaekwar, who bought the place from Lord Tennyson in 1920, has spent a lot of money in restoring the famous terraces and hanging garden to its Tennysonian state, and allows people to walk where the great man walked so often in converse with reverent visitors."

The BOWLING GREEN

The Sad Horn Blower

IT is customary at the time of a wedding for a few words of cheer to be uttered by friends of the high contracting parties. This should be seemly even in the case of the marriage of two publishing houses. In the union of the young Viking Press and Mr. B. W. Huebsch, the Viking necessarily assumes the rôle of bridegroom as the business is to continue under that name. The kindest possible wishes for the new combination will not make inappropriate a word of regret for the disappearance of Mr. Huebsch's individual imprint. His seven-branched candlestick almost always marked a book that had some genuine reason for existence. A publisher always active in the general interest of The Trade, he was also never reluctant to concern himself with what looked like Literature. And this occasion will afford Mr. Huebsch, a man of most agreeable and noiseless humor, the amused and rare opportunity of reading comments on himself almost as interesting as obits.

If one were writing a history of American publishing during the past dozen years or so—and what a delightful task, if one had the energy and reckless merriment necessary to the job—there are special reasons why Mr. Huebsch's share in it would be of moment. I admit that he is too high-minded an idealist for me always to have found his publications nutritious to my special and terrene taste. The Thorstein Veblen and John Spargo sort of thing is, I dare say, too intellectual for me. The political austerity of *The Freeman* was too severely perfectibilious. These, I grant, were *my* demerits, not Mr. Huebsch's. It was when he came out with things like the Notebooks of Chekhov, or H. W. Nevinson's "Farewell to America," or "Winesburg, Ohio," or poets like Irene McLeod and Winifred Welles, that I said to myself, Here is a publisher with instinct. Of his widely varied publishings I suppose that the two most curious were Colonel House's novel "Philip Dru" and William Bayard Hale's attack upon Woodrow Wilson "The Story of a Style." One tactic of Mr. Huebsch that might have been imitated by other houses was his severe reticence in the matter of jacket-blurbs. When Sherwood Anderson's "Horses and Men" appeared, for instance, it bore on its wrapper only six words of publisher's comment. "The mature artist at his best," said Mr. Huebsch tersely.

* * *

Huebsch was, I think, the first American publisher to recognize the strange talent of James Joyce. It used to be waggishly said that any Irish, Hindu, or German artist could find a home in Mr. Huebsch's list when no other publisher would take a chance on him. This generosity of his brought him some great names as well as, I daresay, many tedious hours with wandering Swamis. No document would be more valuable to my own brand of sociology than a list of the rambling libertads for whom Ben Huebsch must have bought lunches in those years. As an American encourager there is one specially shining matter that must be mentioned. I don't know how long Sherwood Anderson's MSS may have been on the street before any publisher retrieved them and made honest books of them. Mr. Anderson was in the difficult position that the impish I. M. P. (of the New York *Herald-Tribune*) has wittily described as "What To Do Before the Publisher Comes." But when Anderson's first publisher jibbed at a volume of short stories it was Huebsch who came to the rescue. He saw what required a genius of sympathy and shrewdness to see, Anderson's great stature as a troubled, fumbling, but completely sincere artist. This, if he had never done anything else, makes us all Huebsch's long-time debtors.

The matter of Sherwood Anderson may perhaps be enlarged upon briefly, for it is important and suggests some of the better parts of publishing. In the life of Vincent Van Gogh by Pierard, lately issued by Houghton Mifflin, we read of the strange tormented adventures of the Dutch painter before he came to at least some partial mastery of his own gift and was followed by the slow and heavy feet of critics. One of Van Gogh's masters at The Hague wanted him to draw from plaster casts, and gave him a head of Apollo to copy. Van Gogh, whose mind was full of the tragic faces of Flemish coal-miners, flushed with inarticulate fury, shivered the Apollo on the studio floor, and "rushed away, never to return." I seem to see, in many of Anderson's stories, something that I find also in the strange and thrilling pictures of Van Gogh. I see the classic plaster lying in bits on the floor; I see the fiercely courageous attempt to give life to the strong, unapprehended contours of human trouble. The lavish pigment drips from the canvas, as it did in the studio where Van Gogh's master cried out in horror and sent him away to learn drawing. There are sometimes great sprawling clumsinesses of phrase, burdensome reiteration of a few elemental situations, a queer and hampering technique; but there is also magnificent fertility and heat and fine suspicionings into truth. And occasionally that savage lust of the actual that again reminds me of Van Gogh's great words—"One must create quickly, quickly, in haste, like the mother who in the blaze of the sun is silent and thinks of nothing but his work." If you had not been hospitable enough to realize what curious felicities Anderson can achieve, consider the fine, pitiful conclusion of that deliciously-named story "The Sad Horn Blowers" (in "Horses and Men"); for his nipping humor "The Triumph of a Modern" is the same volume. This latter must have been a sore grievance to some of the excessively contemporary faddists who culted Anderson rather hard.

* * *

It was these qualities in Anderson that Mr. Huebsch saw: the qualities of the man who, even in his most disastrous book (which a publisher of less artistic repute would have been pinched for) could write such lines as "It was only by lying to the limit he could come at truth;" the man who wrote so wryly humorous a bucolic as "The Triumph of the Egg." So Huebsch became a Sad Horn Blower for Anderson, and for many other fine unestablished artists unlikely to become cornucopious for a publisher. I see in a New York paper an advertisement to the effect that golf "shorts" are to replace plus fours because they have been "sanctioned by the Prince of Wales." This kind of thinking is occasionally discernible in the publishing business too, where tendencies also run in undulations of fashion. But I don't believe Ben Huebsch ever waited for some favorable gust of "sanction." He put his candlestick emblem on anything that he himself found well-done. His taste was so broad that I don't think he would even have objected to a book that was likely to sell in large quantities, if he liked it. Good luck to him and his galley of Vikings in their new venture.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Colyums

(*Continued from page* 37)

the honest man with a mighty skeptical eye. The Great American Public goes to them daily for snatches of independent philosophy. The best of them have no particular axe to grind; their main idea, in the words of one of them, is to "pin ribbons on the bull."

Necessarily the Colyumist must strike at many things ephemeral with ephemeral phrases. A great deal of his writing is for the day only. Yet it is astonishing how much of this material can later be "pasted up" to appear in book-form, and furnish forth quite entertaining books at that. And it is more than astonishing how the Colyumist's writing preserves the spontaneity it does. Most of them write daily and against time. One of the most successful once admitted privately that every new morning on his way down to the office he experienced the same qualms as to whether he could actually fill his Colyum that day. Yet he had been at the task for years and produces, moreover, one of the few fairly consistently entertaining Colyums that are fabricated.

It is a strenuous life, Colyum-conducting, and a hand-to-mouth literary career. Yet the very arduous necessities of the Colyum have evolved some of the most original lighter writing that is being done, simply because the Colyumist must forever be casting about for new rapid-fire ideas. And again, the daily task in some cases has positively goaded certain minds to wild flights they might not otherwise have dared. For a Colyumist may be forgiven many sins if he be not dull!

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SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By Joseph Conrad

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his rambles about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. The scene then shifts to England, and to the home of Cosmo's father in which some years previously shelter had been given to a family of French refugees. It is to visit this family, now resident in Italy, that the son has come to Genoa. After a visit with the Countess of Montevesso, in which he gains a glimpse of the conditions of her life and the political background of her circle, and is startled by the queer half savage niece of her husband, who is sheltered under his roof, Cosmo meets the Countess's father. Later at a reception at the home of the Countess he is introduced to some of the members of her circle, and at the end of the evening makes the acquaintance of her husband. After his interview with Count Helion he has a long talk with the Countess during which she recounts to him the experiences of her married life. While he is engaged in this conversation Count Helion has attempted with the aid of a priest to overcome the sullen fury of his half-savage niece, who confides to him that she desires Cosmo for herself. Cosmo, however, leaves the house without seeing either the Count or the girl. After a night's rest he rises refreshed to write letters until at noon he descends to the dining room.

BY that time the murmur of voices in the piazza had died out. The good Genoese had gone indoors to eat. Coming out of his light-filled room Cosmo found the corridors cold and dark like subterranean passages cut in rock, and the hall downstairs gloomy like a burial vault. In contrast with it the long dining room had a festive air, a brilliancy that was almost crude. In a corner where the man who called himself Doctor Martel had his table this glare was toned down by half-closed shutters and Cosmo made his way there. Cantelucci's benefactor, seated sideways with one arm thrown over the chair's back, took Cosmo's arrival as a matter of course, greeted him with an amiable growl, and declared himself very sharp set. Presently laying down his knife and fork he enquired what Cosmo had been doing that morning. Writing? Really? Thought that perhaps he had been doing the churches. One could see very pretty girls in the morning, waiting for their turn at the confessional.

Cosmo, raising suddenly his eyes from his plate, caught his companion examining him keenly. The doctor burst into a loud laugh till Cosmo's grave face recalled him to himself.

"I beg your pardon. I remembered suddenly a very funny thing that happened to me last night. I am afraid you think me very impolite. It was extremely funny."

"Won't you tell me of it?" asked Cosmo coldly.

"No, my dear sir. You are not in the mood. I prefer to apologize. There is a secret in it which is not mine. But as to the girls I was perfectly serious. If you seek female beauty you must look to the people for it and in Genoa you will not look in vain. The women of the upper classes are alike everywhere. You must have remarked that."

"I have hardly had time to look about me as yet," said Cosmo. He was no longer annoyed with the doctor, not even after he heard him say:

"Surely yesterday evening you must have had an opportunity. You came home late."

"I wonder who takes the trouble to watch my movements?" remarked Cosmo carelessly.

"Town-police spies, of course," said the doctor grimly; "and perhaps one or two of the most enterprising thieves. You must make up your mind to that. After all, why should you care?"

"Yes, why should I?" repeated Cosmo nonchalantly. "Do they report to you?"

The doctor laughed again. "I see you haven't forgiven me my untimely merriment; but I will answer your question. No doubt I could hear a lot if I wanted to, both from the police and the thieves. But as a matter of fact it was my courier who told me. He was talking with some friends outside this inn when you came home. You know, you are a noticeable figure."

"Oh, your courier. I suppose he hasn't got much else to do!"

"I see you are bent on quarrelling, Mr. Latham," said the other, while two unexpected dimples appeared on his round cheeks. "All right. Only hadn't we better wait for some other opportunity? Don't you allow your man to talk while he is assisting you to dress? I must confess I let my fellow run on while he is shaving me in the morning. But then I am an easy-going sort of tramp. For I am just a tramp. I have no Latham Hall to go back to."

He pushed his chair away from the table, stretched his legs, plunged his hands in his pockets complacently. How long was it he had been a tramp? he mused aloud. Twenty years? Or a little more. From one end of Europe to the other. From Madrid to Moscow, as one might say. Exactly like that Corsican fellow. Only he hadn't dragged a tail of two hundred thousand men behind him, and had done no more blood-letting than his lancet was equal to.

He looked up at Cosmo suddenly.

"The lancet's my weapon, you know. Not bayonet or sabre. Cold steel anyhow. Of course I found occasion to fire off my pistols more than once, in the course of my travels, and I must say for myself that whenever I fired them it settled the business. One evening, I remember, in Transylvania, stepping out of a wretched inn to take a look round, I ran against a coalition of three powerful Haiduks in tarry breeches, with moustaches a foot long. The moonlight was bright as day. I took in the situation at a glance and I assure you two of them never made a sound as they fell, while the third just grunted once. I fancy they had designs on my poor horse. He was inside the inn, you know. A custom of the country. Men and animals under the same roof. I used to be sorry for the animals. When I came in again the Jew had just finished frying the eggs. He had been very surly before but when he served me I noticed that he was shaking like a leaf. He tried to propitiate me by the offer of a sausage. I was simply ravenous. It made me ill for two days. That's why I haven't forgotten the occurrence. He nearly managed to avenge those bandits. Luckily I had the right kind of drugs in my valise, and my iron constitution helped me to pull through. But I should like to have seen Bonaparte in that predicament. He wouldn't have known what to do. And, anyhow, the sausage would have finished him. His constitution is not like mine. He's unhealthy, sir, unhealthy."

"You had occasion to observe him often?" asked Cosmo, simply because he was reluctant to go back to his writing.

"Our paths seldom crossed," stated the other simply. "But some time after the abdication I was passing through Valence—it's a tramp's business, you know, to keep moving—and I just had a good look at him outside the post-house. You may take it from me, he won't reach the term of the Psalmist. Well, Mr. Latham, when I take a survey of the past, here we are, the Corsican and I, within, say, a hundred miles of each other, at the end of twenty years of tramping, and, frankly, which of us is the better off when all's said and done?"

"That's a point of view," murmured Cosmo wearily. He added, however, that there were various ways of appreciating the careers of the world's great men.

"There are," assented the other. "For instance, you would say that nothing short of the whole of Europe was needed to crush that fellow. But Pozzo di Borgo thinks that he has done it all by himself."

AT the name of the Emperor's Corsican enemy Cosmo raised his head. He had caught sight in Paris of that personage at one or other of those great receptions from which he used to come away disgusted with the world and dissatisfied with himself. The doctor seemed inwardly amused by his recollection of Pozzo di Borgo.

"He said to me," he continued, " 'Ah! If Bonaparte had had the sense not to quarrel with me he wouldn't be in Elba now.' What do you think of that, Mr. Latham? Is that a point of view?"

"I should call it mad egotism."

"Yes. But the most amusing thing is that there is some truth in it. The private enmity of one man may be more dangerous and more effective than the hatred of millions on public grounds. Pozzo has the ear of the Russian Emperor. The fate of the Bourbons hung on a hair. Alexander's word was law—and who knows!"

Cosmo, plunged in abstraction, was repeating to himself mechanically, "The fate of the Bourbons hung on a hair—the fate of the Bourbons." . . . Those words seemed meaningless. He tried to rouse himself. "Yes, Alexander," he murmured vaguely. The doctor raised his voice suddenly in a peevish tone.

"I am not talking of Alexander of Macedon, Mr. Latham." His vanity had been hurt by Cosmo's attitude. The young man's faint smile placated him, and the incongruous dimples reappeared on the doctor's cheeks while he continued: "Here you are. For Pozzo, Napoleon has always been a starveling squireen. For the Prince, he has been principally the born enemy of good taste. . . ."

"THE Prince?" repeated Cosmo, struggling to keep his head above the black waters of melancholia which seemed to lap about his lips. "You have said the Prince, haven't you? What Prince?"

"Why, Talleyrand, of course. He did once tell him so, too. Pretty audacious! What? . . . Well, I don't know. Suppose you were master of the world, and somebody were to tell you something of the sort to your face—what could you do? Nothing. You would have to gulp it, feeling pretty small. A private gentleman of good position could resent such a remark from an equal, but a master of the world couldn't. A master of the world, Mr. Latham, is very small potatoes; and I will tell you why: it's because he is alone of his kind, stuck up like a thief in the pillory, for dead cats and cabbage stalks to be thrown at him. A devil of a position to be in unless for a moment. But no man born of woman is a monster. There never was such a thing. A man who would really be a monster would arouse nothing but loathing and hatred. But this man has been loved by an army, by a people. For years his soldiers died for him with joy. Now, didn't they?"

Cosmo perceived that he had managed to forget himself. "Yes," he said, "that cannot be denied."

"No," continued the doctor. "And now, within twenty yards of us, on the other side of the wall there are millions of people who still love him. Hey! Cantelucci!" he called across the now empty length of the room. "Come here."

The innkeeper, who had been noiselessly busy about a distant sideboard, approached with deference, in his shirt-sleeves, girt with a long apron of which one corner was turned up, and with a white cap on his head. Being asked whether it was true that Italians loved Napoleon, he answered by a bow and "Excellency."

"You think yourself that he is a great man, don't you?" pursued the doctor, and obtained another bow and another murmured "Excellency."

The doctor turned to Cosmo triumphantly. "You see! And Bonaparte has been stealing from them all he could lay his hands on for years. All their works of art. I am surprised he didn't take away the wall on which *The Last Supper* is painted. It makes my blood boil. I love Italy, you know." He addressed again the motionless Cantelucci.

"But what is it that makes you people love this man?"

This time Cantelucci did not bow. He seemed to make an effort: "Signore, it is the idea."

The doctor directed his eyes again to Cosmo in silence. At last the innkeeper stepped back three paces before turning away from his English clients. The dimples had vanished from the doctor's full cheeks. There was something contemptuous in the peevishness of his thin lips and the extreme hardness of his eyes. They softened somewhat before he addressed Cosmo.

"Here is another point of view for you. Devil only knows what that idea is, but I suspect it's vague enough to include every illusion that ever fooled mankind. There must be some charm in that gray coat and that old three-cornered hat of his, for the

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man himself has betrayed every hatred and every hope that have helped him on his way."

"What I am wondering at," Cosmo said at last, "is whether you have ever talked like this to anybody before."

The doctor seemed taken aback a little.

"Oh. You mean about Bonaparte," he said. "If you had gone to that other inn, Pollegrini's, more suitable to your nationality and social position, you would have heard nothing of that kind. I am not very communicative really, but to sit at meals like two mutes would have been impossible. What could we have conversed about? One must have some subject other than the weather and, frankly, what other subject would we have had here in Genoa, or for that matter in any other spot of the civilized world? I know there are amongst us in England a good many young men who call themselves revolutionists and even republicans. Charming young men, generous and all that. Friends of Boney. You might be one of them."

AS he paused markedly Cosmo murmured that he was hardly prepared to state what he was. That other inn, the Pollegrini, was full when he arrived.

"Well, there had been three departures this morning," the doctor informed him. "You can have your things packed up this afternoon and carried across the Place. You know, by staying here you make yourself conspicuous to the spies, not to speak of the theives; they ask themselves: 'What sort of inferior Englishman is that?' With me it is different. I am known for a man who has his own work to do. People are curious. And as my work is confidential I prefer to keep out of the way rather than have to be rude. But for you it would be more amusing to live over there. New faces all the time; endless gossip about all sorts of people."

"I do not think it is worth while to change now," said Cosmo coldly.

"Of course not, if you are going to prolong your stay. If you project a visit to Elba, Livorno is the port for that. And if you are anxious to hear about Napoleon you will hear plenty of gossip about him there. Here you have nothing but my talk."

"I have found it very interesting," said Cosmo, rising to go away. The doctor smiled without amiability. He was determined never to let Cosmo guess that he knew of his acquaintance with the people occupying the palace guarded by the symbolic griffins. Of that fact he had been made aware by the Count de Montevesso who, once he had got the doctor into Clelia's room, decided to take him into his confidence—on the ground that one must be frank with a medical man. The real reason was, however, that knowing Doctor Martel to be employed on secret political work by the statesmen of the Alliance, and having a very great idea of his occult influences in all sorts of spheres, he hoped to get from him another sort of assistance. His last words were, "You see yourself the state the child is in. I want that popinjay moved out of Genoa."

The only answer of the doctor to this, and the last sound during that professional visit that Count de Montevesso heard from him, was a short wooden laugh. That man of political intrigues, confidential missions (often he had more than one at a time on his hands), inordinately vain of his backstairs importance, was not mercenary. He had always preserved a most independent attitude towards his employers. To him the Count de Montevesso was but a common stupid soldier of fortune of no importance and of no position except as the son-in-law of the Marquis d'Armand. He had never seen him before, but his marital life was known to him as it was known to the rest of the world. To be waylaid by a strange priest just as he was leaving the Marquis's room was annoying enough, but he could not very well refuse the request since it seemed to be a case of sudden illness. He was soon enlightened as to its nature by Clelia, who had treated him and the Count to another of her indescribable performances. Characteristically enough the doctor had never been for a moment irritated with the girl. He behaved by her tempestuous bedside like a man of science, calm, attentive, impenetrable. But it was afterwards, when he had been drawn aside by the Count for a confidential talk, that he had asked himself whether he were dreaming or awake. His scorn for the man helped him to preserve his self-command, and to the end the Count was not intelligent enough to perceive its character.

The doctor left the Palazzo about an hour after Cosmo (but not by the same staircase) and on his way to his inn gave rein to his indignation. Did the stupid brute imagine that he had any sort of claim on his services? Ah, he wanted that popinjay removed from Genoa! Indeed! And what the devil did he care for it? Was he expected to arrange a neat little assassination to please that solemn wooden imbecile? The doctor's sense of self-importance was grievously hurt. Even in the morning after a good night's rest he had not shaken off the impression. However, he was reasonable enough not to make Cosmo in any way responsible for what he defined to himself as the most incredibly offensive experience of his life. He only looked at him when he came to lunch with a sort of acid amusement as the being who had had the power to arouse a passion of love in the primitive soul of that curious little savage. As the meal proceeded, the doctor seemed to notice that his young countryman was somehow changed. He watched him covertly. What had happened to him since last evening? Surely he hadn't been smitten himself by the little savage that under no circumstances could have been made fit to be a housemaid in an English family.

After he had been left by Cosmo alone in the dining room, the doctor's body continued to loll in the chair while his thoughts continued to circle around that funny affair, of which you couldn't say whether it was love at first sight or a manifestation of some inherited lunacy. Quite a good-looking young man. Out of the common too, in a distinguished way. Altogether a specimen of one's countrymen one could well be proud of, mused further the doctor, whose tastes had been formed by much intercourse with all kinds of people. Characteristically enough, too, he felt for a moment sorry in his grumpy contemptuous way for the little dishevelled savage with a hooked nose and burning cheeks and her thin sticks of bare arms. The doctor was humane. The origin of his reputation sprang from his humanity. But his thought, as soon as it left Clelia, stopped short as it were before another image that replaced it in his mind. He had remembered the Countess of Montevesso. He knew her of old, by sight and reputation. He had seen her no further back than last night by the side of the old Marquis's chair. Now he had seen the Count de Montevesso himself, he could well believe all the stories of a lifelong jealousy. The doctor's hard, active eyes stared fixedly at the truth. It was not because of that little savage that that gloomy self-tormenting ass of a drill sergeant to an Indian prince wanted young Latham removed from Genoa. Oh, dear no. That wasn't it at all. It was much more serious.

Before he walked out of the empty dining room Doctor Martel concluded that it would be perhaps just as well for young Latham not to linger too long in Genoa.

II

COSMO, having returned to his room, sat down again at the writing table: for was not this day to be devoted to correspondence? Long after the shade had invaded the greater part of the square below he went on, while the faint shuffle of footsteps and the faint murmur of voices reached him from the pavement like the composite sound of agitated insect life that can be heard in the depths of a forest. It required all his courage to keep on, piling up words which dealt exclusively with towns, roads, rivers, mountains, the colours of the sky. It was like labouring the description of the scenery of a stage after a great play had come to an end. A vain thing. And still he travelled on. Having at last descended into the Italian plain (for the benefit of Henrietta), he dropped his pen and thought: "At this rate I will never arrive in Genoa." He fell back in his chair like a weary traveller. He was suddenly overcome by that weary distaste a frank nature feels after an effort at concealing an overpowering sentiment.

But had he really anything to conceal? he asked himself.

Suddenly the door flew open and Spire marched in with four lighted candles on a tray. It was only then that Cosmo became aware how late it was. "Had I not better tear all this up?" he thought, looking down at the sheets before him.

Spire put two candlesticks on the table, disposed the two others, one each side of the mantlepiece, and was going out.

"Wait!" cried Cosmo.

It was like a cry of distress. Spire shut the door quietly and turned about, betraying no emotion. Cosmo seized the pen again and concluded hastily:

"I have been in Genoa for the last two days. I have seen Adèle and the Marquis. They send their love. You shall have lots about them in my next. I have no time now to tell you what a wonderful person she has become. But perhaps you would not think so."

AFTER he had signed it the thought struck him that there was nothing about Napoleon in his letter. He must put in something about Napoleon. He added a P. S.:

"You can form no idea of the state of suspense in which all classes live here from the highest to the lowest, as to what may happen next. All their thoughts are concentrated on Bonaparte. Rumours are flying about of some sort of violence that may be offered to him, assassination, kidnapping. It's difficult to credit it all, though I do believe that the Congress in Vienna is capable of any atrocity. A person I met here suggested that I should go to Livorno. Perhaps I will. But I have lost, I don't know why, all desire to travel. Should I find a ship ready to sail for England in Livorno, I may take passage in her and come home at once by sea."

Cosmo collected the pages, and while closing the packet asked himself whether he ought to tell her that. Was it the fact that he had lost all wish to travel? However, he let Spire take the packet to the post and during the man's absence took a turn or two in the room. He had got through the day. Now there was the evening to get through somehow. But when it occurred to him that the evening would be followed by the hours of an endless night, filled by the conflict of shadowy thoughts that haunt the birth of a passion, the desolation of the prospect was so overpowering that he could only meet it with a bitter laugh. Spire, returning, stood thunderstruck at the door.

"What's the matter with you? Have you seen a ghost?" asked Cosmo, who ceased laughing suddenly and fixed the valet with distracted eyes.

"No, sir, certainly not. I was wondering whether you hadn't better dine in your room."

"What do you mean? Am I not fit to be seen?" asked Cosmo captiously, glancing at himself in the mirror as though the crisis through which he had passed in the last three or four minutes could have distorted his face. Spire made no answer. The sound of that laugh had made him lose his conventional bearing; while Cosmo wondered what had happened to that imbecile and glared at him suspiciously.

"Give me my coat," he said at last. "I am going downstairs."

This broke the spell and Spire, getting into motion, regained his composure.

"Noisy company down there, sir. I thought you might not like it."

Cosmo felt a sudden longing to hear noise, lots of it, senseless, loud, common, absurd noise; noise loud enough to prevent one from thinking, the sort of noise that would cause one to become, as it were, insensible.

"What do you want?" he asked savagely of Spire, who was hovering at his back.

"I am ready to help you with your coat, sir," said Spire, in an apathetic voice. He had been profoundly shocked. After his master had gone out, slamming the door behind him, he busied himself with a stony face in putting the room to rights, before he blew out the candles and left it to get his supper.

"Didn't you advise me this morning to go to Livorno?" asked Cosmo, falling heavily into the chair. Doctor Martel was already at table, and, except that he had changed his boots for silk stockings and shoes, he might not have moved from there all the afternoon.

"Livorno," repeated that strange man. "Did I? Yes. The road along the Riviera di Levante is delightful for any person sensible to the beauties of Italian landscapes." He paused with a sour expression in the noise of voices filling the room, and muttered that no doubt Cantelucci found that sort of thing pay but that the place was becoming impossible.

Cosmo was just thinking that there was not half

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enough uproar there. The naval officers seemed strangely subdued that evening. The same old lieutenant with sunken cheeks and a sharp nose, in the same shabby uniform, was at the head of the table. Cantelucci, wearing a long-skirted maroon coat, now glided about the room, unobtrusive and vigilant. His benefactor beckoned to him.

"You would know where to find a man with four good horses for the signore's carriage?" he asked; and accepting Cantelucci's low bow as an affirmative, addressed himself to Cosmo. "The road's perfectly safe. The country's full of Austrian troops."

"I think I would prefer to go by sea," said Cosmo, who had not thought of making any arrangements for the journey. Instantly Cantelucci glided away, while the doctor emitted a grunt and applied himself to his dinner. Cosmo thought desperately, "Oh, yes, the sea, why not by sea, away from everybody?" He had been rolling and bumping on the roads, good, bad, and indifferent, in dust or mud, meeting in inns ladies and gentlemen for days and days between Paris and Genoa, and for a moment he was fascinated by the notion of a steady gliding progress in company of three or four bronzed sailors over a blue sea in sight of a picturesque coast of rocks and hills crowded with pines, with opening valleys, with white villages, and purple promontories of lovely shape. It was like a dream which lasted till the doctor was heard suddenly saying, "I think I could find somebody that would take your travelling carriage off your hands"—and the awakening came with an inward recoil of all Cosmo's being, as if before a vision of irrevocable consequences.

The doctor lowered his eyelids. "He is changed," he said to himself. "Oh yes, he is changed." This, however, did not prevent him from feeling irritated by Cosmo's lack of response to the offer to dispose of his travelling carriage.

"There are many people that would consider themselves lucky to have such an offer made to them," he remarked, after a period of silence. "It is not so easy at this time to get rid of a travelling carriage. Nor yet to have an opportunity to hire a dependable man with four good horses if you want to go by land. I mean at a time like this when anything may happen any day."

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," said Cosmo, "but I am really in no hurry."

The doctor took notice of Cosmo's languid attitude and the untouched plate before him.

"The trouble is that you don't seem to have any aim at all. Isn't that it?"

"Yes. I confess," said Cosmo carelessly. "I think I want a rest."

"Well, Mr. Latham, you had better see that you get it, then. This place isn't restful, it is merely dull. And then suppose you were suddenly to perceive an aim, such for instance as a visit to Elba—you may be too late if you linger unduly. You know, you are not likely to see a specimen like that one over there again in your lifetime. And even he may not be with us very long."

"YOU seem very positive about that," said Cosmo, looking at his interlocutor searchingly. "This is the third or fourth time that I hear that sort of allusion from you. Have you any special information?"

"Yes, of a sort. It has been my lot to hear much of what is said in high places, and the nature of my occupation has given me much practice in appreciating what is said."

"In high places!" interjected Cosmo.

"And in low, too," retorted the doctor a little impatiently, "if that is the distinction you have in your mind, Mr. Latham. However, I told you I have been in Vienna quite recently, and I have heard something there."

"From Prince Talleyrand?" was Cosmo's stolid suggestion.

The doctor smiled acidly. "Not a bad guess. I did hear something at Prince Talleyrand's. I heard it from Montrond. You know whom I mean?"

"Never heard of him. Who is he?"

"Never heard of Montrond? Oh, I forgot, you have been shut up in that tight island of ours. Monsieur Montrond has the advantage to live near the rose. You understand me? He is the intimate companion to the Prince. Has been for many years. The Prince told somebody once that he liked Montrond because he was not 'excessively' scrupulous. That just paints the man for you. I was talking with Monsieur Montrond about Bonaparte's future—and I was not trying to be unkind, either. I pointed out that one could hardly expect him to settle down if the French Government were not made to pay him the money guaranteed under the Treaty. He could see the moment when he would find himself without a penny. That's enough to make any human being restive. He was bound to try and do something. A man must live, I said. And Montrond looks at me, sideways, and says deliberately: 'Oh, here we don't see the necessity.' You understand that after a hint like this I dropped the subject. It's a point of view like another, eh, Mr. Latham?"

COSMO was impressed. "I heard last night," he said, "that he is taking precautions for his personal safety."

"He remembered perhaps what happened to a certain Duc d'Enghien, a young man who obviously didn't take precautions. So you heard that story? Well, in Livorno you will hear many sorts of stories. Livorno is an exciting place, and an excellent point to start from for a visit to Elba, which would be a great memory for your old age. And if you happen to observe anything remarkable there I would thank you to drop me a line, care of Cantelucci. You see, I have put some money into a deal of oil, and I don't know how it is, everything in the world, even a little twopenny affair like that, is affected by this feeling of suspense that man's presence gives rise to: hopes, plans, affections, love affairs. If I were you, Mr. Latham, I would certainly go to Livorno." He waited a little before he got up, muttering something about having a lot of pen work to do, and went out, Cantelucci hastening to open the door for him.

Cosmo remained passive in his chair. The room emptied itself gradually, and there was not even a servant left in it when Cosmo rose in his turn. He went back to his room, threw a few pieces of wood on the fire, and sat down. He felt as if lost in a strange world.

He doubted whether he ought not to have called that day at the Palace, if only to say good-bye. And suddenly all the occurrences and even words of the day before assailed his memory. The morning call, the mulatto girl, the sunshine in Madame de Montevesso's boudoir, the seduction of her voice, the emotional appeal of her story, had stirred him to the depths of his soul. Where was the man who could have imagined the existence of a being of such splendid humanity, with such a voice, with such amazing harmony of aspect, expression, gesture—with such a face in this gross world of mortals in which Lady Jane and Mrs. R.'s daughters counted for the most exquisite products offered to the love of men? And yet Cosmo remembered now that even while all his senses had been thrown into confusion by the first sight of Madame de Montevesso he had felt dimly that she was no stranger, that he had seen her glory before: the presence, the glance, the lips. He did not connect that dim recognition with the child Adèle. No child could have promised a woman like this. It was rather like the awed recollection of a prophetic vision. And it had been in Latham Hall—but not in a dream; he was certain no man ever found the premonition of such a marvel in the obscure promptings of slumbering flesh. And it was not in a vision of his own; such visions were for artists, for inspired seers. She must have been fortetold to him in some picture he had seen in Latham Hall, where one came on pictures (mostly of the Italian school) in unexpected places, on landings, at the end of dark corridors, in spare bedrooms. A luminous oval face on the dark background—the noble full-length woman, stepping out of the narrow frame with long draperies held by jewelled clasps and girdle, with pearls on head and bosom, carrying a book and a pen (or was it a palm?) and—yes! he saw it plainly with terror—with her left breast pierced by a dagger. He saw it there plainly as if the blow had been struck before his eyes. The released hilt seemed to vibrate yet, while the eyes looked straight at him, profound, unconcious in miraculous tranquillity.

Terror-struck as if at the discovery of a crime, he jumped up, trembling in every limb. He had a horror of the room, of being alone within its four bare walls on which there were no pictures except that awful one which seemed to hang in the air before his eyes. Cosmo felt that he must get away from it. He snatched up his cloak and hat and fled into the corridor. The hour was late and everything was very still. He did not see as much as a flitting shadow on the bare rough walls of the unfinished palace awaiting the decoration of marbles and bronzes that would never cover its nakedness now. The dwelling of the Grazianis stood as dumb and cold in all its lofty depths as at that desolate hour of the dreadful siege, when its owner lay dead of hunger at the foot of the great flight of stairs. It was only in the hall below that Cosmo caught from behind one of the closed doors faint, almost ghostly, murmurs of disputing voices. The two hanging lanterns could not light up that grandly planned cavern in all its extent, but Cosmo made out a dim shape of the elderly lieutenant sitting all alone and perfectly still against the wall, with a bottle of wine before him. By the time he had reached the pavement Cosmo had mastered his trembling and had steadied his thoughts. He wanted to keep away from that house for hours, for hours. He glanced right and left, hesitating. In the whole town he knew only the way to the Palazzo and the way to the port. He took the latter direction. He walked by the faint starlight falling into the narrow streets resembling lofty unroofed corridors as if the whole town had been one palace, recognizing on his way the massive shape of one or two jutting balconies he remembered seeing before, and also a remarkable doorway, the arch of which was held up by bowed giants with flowing beards, like two captive sons of the god of the sea.

AT the moment when Cosmo was leaving his room to escape the haunting vision of an old picture representing a beautiful martyr with a dagger in her breast, Doctor Martel was at work finishing what he called a confidential memorandum which he proposed to hand over to the Marquis d'Armand. The doctor applied very high standards of honour and fidelity to his appreciation of men's character. He had a very great respect for the old Marquis. He was anxious to make him the recipient of that crop of valuable out-of-the-way information interesting to the French Bourbons which he had gathered lately.

Having sat up half the night, he slept late and was just finishing shaving when, a little before eleven o'clock, there was a knock at his door and Cantelucci entered. The innkeeper offered no apology for this intrusion, but announced without preliminaries that the young English gentleman had vanished during the night from the inn. The woman who took the chocolate in the morning upstairs found no servant ready to receive it as usual. The bedroom door was ajar. After much hesitation she had ventured to put her head through. The shutters being open, she had seen that the bed had not been slept in. . . . The doctor left off dabbing his cheeks with eau de cologne and turned to stare at the innkeeper. At last he shrugged his shoulders slightly.

Cantelucci took the point immediately. Yes. But in this case it was impossible to dismiss the affair lightly. The young English signore had not been much more than forty-eight hours in Genoa. He had no time to make many acquaintances. And in any case, Cantelucci thought, he ought to have been back by this time.

The doctor picked up his wig and adjusted it on his head thoughtfully, like a considering cap. That simple action altered his physiognomy so completely that Cantelucci was secretly affected. He made one of his austerely deferential bows, which seemed to put the whole matter into the doctor's hands at once.

"You seem very much upset," said the doctor. "Have you seen his servant? He must know something."

"I doubt it, Excellency. He has been upstairs to open the shutters, of course. He is now at the front door, looking out. I did speak to him. He had too much wine last evening and fell asleep with his head on the table. I saw him myself before I retired."

The doctor preserving a sort of watchful silence, Cantelucci added that he, himself, had retired early on account of one of those periodical headaches he had suffered from since the days of his youth when he had been chained up in the dungeons of St. Elmo for months.

The doctor thought the fellow did look as though he had had a bad night. "Why didn't you come to see me? You know I can cure worse ailments."

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The innkeeper raised his hands in horror at the mere idea. He would never have dared to disturb His Excellency for such a trifle as a headache. But the cause of his trouble was quite other. A partisan of the revolutionary French from his early youth, Cantelucci had been an active conspirator against the old order of things. Now that kings and priests were raising their heads out of the dust he had again become very busy. The latest matter in hand had been the sending of some important documents to the conspirators in the South. He had found the messenger, had taken steps for getting him away secretly, had given him full instructions the last thing before going to bed. The young fellow was brave, intelligent, and resourceful, beyond the common. But somehow the very perfection of his arrangements kept the old conspirator awake. He reviewed them again and again. He could not have done better. At last he fell asleep, but almost immediately, it seemed to him, he was roused by the old crone whose task it was to light the fires in the morning. Sordid and witchlike, she conveyed to him in a toothless mumble the intelligence that Checca was in the kitchen, all in tears and demanding to see him at once.

This Checca was primarily and principally a pretty girl, an orphan left to his care by his late sister. She was not consulted when her uncle, of whom she stood in awe, married her to the middle-aged owner of a wineshop in the low quarter of the town extending along the shore near the harbour. He was good-natured, slow-witted, and heavy-handed at times. But Checca was much less afraid of him than of her austere uncle. It amused her to be the padrona of an osteria which in the days of Empire was a notable resort for the officers of French privateers. But on the peace that clientèle had disappeared and Checca's husband, leaving the wine-casks to her management, employed his leisure in petty smuggling operations which kept him away from home.

Cantelucci connected his niece's irruption with some trouble that men might have got into. He was vexed. He had other matters to think of. He was astonished by the violence of her grief. When she could speak at last her tale turned out to be more in the nature of a confession. The old conspirator could hardly believe his ears when he heard that the man whom he had trusted had committed the crime of betraying the secrecy of his mission by going to the osteria late at night to say good-bye to Checca. She assured him that he had been there only a very few moments.

"What, in a wine-shop! Before all the people! With spies swarming everywhere!"

"No," she said. It was much later. Everybody was gone. He had scratched at the barred door.

"And you were on the other side waiting to let him in—miserable girl," Cantelucci hissed ferociously.

She stared at her terrible uncle with streaming eyes. "Yes, I was." She had not the heart to refuse him. He stayed only a little moment. . . . (Cantelucci ground his teeth with rage. It was the first he had heard of this affair. Here was a most promising plot endangered by this *bestialita.*) . . . Only one little hug, and then she pushed him out herself. Before she had finished putting up the bar she heard a tumult in the street. Shots, too. Perhaps she would have rushed out but her husband was home for a few days. He came down to the wine-shop very cross and boxed her ears, she did not know why. Perhaps for being in the shop at that late hour. That did not matter; but he drove her before him up the stairs and she had to sham sleep for hours till he began to snore regularly. She had grown so desperate that she took the risk of running out and telling her uncle all about it. She thought he ought to know. What brought her to the inn really was a faint hope that Attilio, having eluded the assassins (she was sure they were assassins), had taken refuge there unscathed—or wounded perhaps. She said nothing of this, however. Before Cantelucci's stony bearing she broke down. "He is dead—*poverino*. My own hands pushed him to his death," she moaned to herself crazily, standing in front of her silent uncle before the blazing kitchen fire in the yet slumbering house.

Rage kept Cantelucci dumb. He was as shocked by what he had heard as the most rigid moralist could desire. But he was a conspirator, and all he could see in this was the criminal conduct of those young people who ought to have thought of nothing but the liberation of Italy. For Attilio had taken the oath of the Carbonari; and Checca belonged to the women's organization of that secret society. She was an *ortolana,* as they called themselves. He had initiated her and was responsible for her conduct. The baseness—the stupidity—the frivolity—the selfishness!

By severe exercise of self-restraint he refrained from throwing her out into the street all in tears as she was. He only muttered awfully at her, "Get out of my sight, you little fool," with a menacing gesture; but she stood her ground; she never flinched before his raised hand. And as it fell harmless by his side she seized it in both her own, pressing it to her lips and breast in turn, whispering the while all sorts of endearing names at the infuriated Cantelucci. He heard the sounds of his staff beginning the work of the day, their voices, their footsteps. They would wonder—but his niece did not care. She clung to his hand, and he did not get rid of her till he had actually promised to send her news directly he had heard something himself. And she even thought of the means. There was that fine sailor with black whiskers in attendance on the English officers frequenting the hotel. He was a good-natured man. He knew the way to the wine-shop.

This reminded her of her husband. What if he should wake in her absence? And still distracted, she ran off at last, leaving Cantelucci to face the situation.

He was dismayed. He did not really know what had happened—not to his messenger but to the documents. The old conspirator, battling with his thoughts, moved so silent and stern amongst his people that nobody dared approach him for a couple of hours. And when they did at last come to him with the news of the young "milord's" disappearance he simply swore at them. But for various reasons it would be best for him to seek his old benefactor. He did so with a harassed face which caused the doctor to believe in the story of a sleepless night. Of course he spoke only of Cosmo's absence. The doctor, leaning back against the edge of his dressing table, gazed silently at the innkeeper. He was profoundly disturbed by the intelligence. "Got your snuffbox on you?" he asked.

The alacrity of Cantelucci in producing his snuffbox was equalled by the deferential flourish with which he held it out to his benefactor.

"The young English signore," he remarked, "visited the Palazzo of the Griffins the evening before."

The doctor helped himself to a pinch. "He didn't spend the night there, though," he observed. "You know who lives in the Palazzo, don't you, Cantelucci?"

"Some Piedmontese general, I understand, Your Excellency," said Cantelucci, who had been in touch with Count Helion ever since the Austrian occupation, and had even forwarded secretly one or two letters for the Count to Elba. But these were addressed to a grain merchant in Porto Ferraio. "I will open all my mind to Your Excellency," continued Cantelucci. "An English milord is a person of consequence. If I were to report his disappearance the police would be coming here to make investigation. I don't want any police in my house."

The doctor lost his meditative air. "I daresay you don't" he said grimly.

"I recommend myself to Your Excellency's protective influence," murmured Cantelucci insinuatingly.

The doctor let drop the pinch of snuff between his thumb and finger. "And he may have come back while we are talking here," he said hopefully. "Go down, Cantelucci, and send me my courier."

But the doctor's man was already at the door, bringing the brushed clothes over his arm. While dressing, the doctor speculated on the mystery. It baffled all his conjectures. A man may go out in the evening for a breath of fresh air and get knocked on the head. But how unlikely! He spoke casually to his man who was ministering to him in gloomy silence.

"You will have to step over to the police presently and find out whether anything has happened last night. Do it quietly."

"I understand," said the courier surlily. The thought that the fellow had been drunk recently crossed the doctor's mind.

"Whom were you drinking with last night?" he asked sharply.

"The English servant," confessed the courier-valet grumpily. "His master let him off his services last night."

"Yes. And you made him pay the shot." With these words the doctor left the room. While crossing the great hall downstairs he had the view of Spire's back framed in the entrance doorway. The valet had not apparently budged from there since seven. So Mr. Latham had not returned. In the dining room there were only two naval officers at the table reserved for them: the elderly gentleman in his usual place at the head, and a round-faced florid person in a bobbed wig, who might have been the ship's surgeon. During their meal the doctor did not hear them exchange a single remark. They went away together, and after the last of the town customers had left the room, too, the doctor sat alone before his table, toying with a half-empty glass thoughtfully. His grave face was startlingly at variancé with the short abrupt laugh which he emitted as he rose, pushing his chair back. It was provoked by the thought that only last evening he had been urging half jestingly his young countryman to leave Genoa in one of the conventional ways, by road or sea, and now he was gone with a vengeance—spirited away, by Jove! The doctor was startled at the profound change of his own feelings. Count Helion's venomous, "I don't want that popinjay here" did not sound so funny in his recollection now. Very extraordinary things could and did happen under the run of everyday life. Was it possible that the word of the riddle could be found there? he asked himself.

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature,* as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

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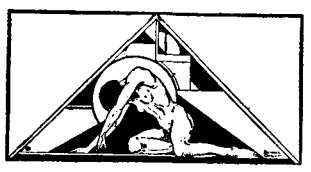

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Books of Special Interest

Morris and His Press

THE KELMSCOTT PRESS AND WILLIAM MORRIS, MASTER-CRAFTSMAN. By H. HALLIDAY SPARLING. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. $6.50.

Reviewed by ELMER ADLER
Pynson Printers

FROM the title of this book, you might expect to find a rather human story, especially if you happen to know that the author married Morris's daughter. But Sparling looked upon Morris so much as a superman that he seems almost fearful of approaching his subject, and when the writer observes from a distance, the reader will have little likelihood of gaining an intimate view. Of course, there is no suggestion in the book of Sparling's personal relation with the Morris family and indeed it is much to be doubted, from his tone, whether he ever called his father-in-law anything other than "Mr. Morris."

Although the reader misses throughout this human touch, the lack of it may not be entirely the fault of Sparling. He may never have seen his "master" in an unguarded moment. Regarding the author's position towards his subject the first sentence leaves no doubt: "Born into a world that in most respects has been transformed, very largely through the work and influence of William Morris, the reader or student of today does not always find it easy to realize the full greatness of the man, or to measure the effect he produced upon the world, as he found it." And in a later sentence, "He will be recognized for what he was, one of the great men, and not far from the greatest, of his time; some of us think of all time. He has not only bequeathed us an enormous heritage of material and spiritual beauty, but has conditioned our thinking in matters of art to a degree that is comparable only to the conditioning of our thought in matters of science by Darwin."

Almost one is tempted to say, "Be reasonable, Harry" then slap the author on the back, and attempt to get rid of a little of the stiffness. We are left to doubt whether anyone's back was ever slapped within the confines of the Kelmscott Press. It would appear that Morris's appearance in the press was something of an event. Perhaps it resembled the engravings showing Caxton on the throne chair in the Westminster, permitting himself to look upon a proof from his press. For certainly when Morris started the Press, he was already a figure of world size with an international reputation in several fields. So in the introductory sentence, Sparling does not refer to the influence of Morris in the field of typography alone. It is difficult at any time to measure the influence of any one man or group. That Morris's influence extends to a smaller group than does the influence of the scientists is perhaps unfortunate from the artistic standpoint, but is none the less evident. Thus when it comes to estimating the quality of the lives and the amount of influence, there appears to be a subtle task which neither this volume nor any other would undertake.

Sparling, with the point of view of an editor, is most interested in Morris as a poet and writer and his judgment of the man's contribution, of course, takes all his activities into consideration. But the reader of this book would like to have a measure of Morris as a printer. The outstanding features of the Kelmscott Press are scholarship and craftsmanship. The work done at that press was not influenced by that of any of its contemporaries; its standards and styles were the result of study and investigation. Its craftsmanship was another expression of William Morris and his greatest contribution in this field. His books as models of design will never be popular, but the idea of making books even better than the public demanded and making them just for the joy, was almost unknown to publishers. The financial success of the Kelmscott Press was almost unfortunate. It led to imitations of the idea without the spirit and in consequence the work of Morris is often confused with work like that of our American book fakir at East Aurora. Hubbard borrowed a few of the outstanding features of Morris's work and applied patent medicine selling methods, to his own great monetary return but with much harm to Morris.

Those readers of Sparling's book who may be especially interested in advancements in the art of typography are again disappointed in not finding an intimate picture of the Press. Really we are hardly permitted a view through a window. On the other hand, many pages are devoted to Morris's position in the world of literature. There is nothing in the text that so well tells the story of the Press and its ideals as does Morris's own note which he wrote about its founding, and which Sparling wisely reprints in the appendix to the present volume.

Typographically also, Sparling's book is disappointing; it has some of the unpleasant features of a Kelmscott Press book and other things that Morris would never have tolerated. It is printed without leading, for instance, and the illustrations are on coated stock, against all the Morris traditions of book making. Perhaps Sparling would have objected had he lived to see his volume through the press.

The book will find a place in all important libraries; it is a record which cannot be neglected. Perhaps it will prove that there is enough interest in the subject to demand a more intimate picture before it will be too late to gather the material from the memories of living men.

Laughter Again

THE COMIC SPIRIT IN RESTORATION DRAMA. By HENRY TEN EYCK PERRY. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by HAZELTON SPENCER
State College of Washington

HE who deals in Restoration comedy ought to write with wit if he has it, and with brilliance if he can summon it; but if these will not come profusely at his call, with either flippancy or intense moral indignation. The latest analyst of Congreve and his colleagues uses neither: he's as sober as a judge. Not that he affects the black cap; rather he vehemently eschews the ethical controversy. There I think he is mistaken; for that ancient hare, once coursed by C. Lamb, Esq., and Lord Maccaulay, and recently started again by Professor Stoll in his "Literature no Document," takes a deal of running and covers an enormous extent of the hinterland of literary theory before its pursuers give up. Professor Perry is nothing if not Meredithian, and refuses to pass in review the moral aspects of this school of drama. Which seems a pity; and so I offer the following suggestion for a doctoral dissertation to settle the whole matter. Let the Candidate steep himself in the memoirs, diaries, and anecdotes of the Restoration, and then read its dramatic literature; matching every immorality, and simple naughtiness of Cloud-cuckooland with its exact parallel from real life.

That Professor Perry has read intelligently (if not perhaps widely among the minor dramatists) his book affords ample evidence. The very idiom of the Restoration has become so familiar to him that occasionally he lapses into it: as when, summarizing "The Comical Revenge," he describes Sir Frederick's assault "on a whore's lodgings;" or, indicating the darkness of Alderman Gripe's future, he pertinently inquires, "What more can a victim of whores and bawds expect?"; or again, tells how Mockmode "is made to think that a common whore is his divine Lucinda." An effort to reintroduce this plain word into critical English is complicated by the fact that as used by the Restoration it is scarcely more opprobrious than "trull" or even "jade." But most of our generation met its first in its less polite Elizabethan *milieu*—perhaps in the agonized revulsion of Hamlet's "rogue and peasant slave" soliloquy—where it is not trivial. The recent producers of "The Beggar's Opera" decided, I think wisely, to read "'Trull' and rogue they call husband and wife," in the bilious Mr. Peachum's opening ditty.

The usefulness of Professor Perry's slender volume lies more in his admirable analyses of the structure of the plays than in his interpretation of their comic spirit. Plotting is on the whole the weak point of the Restoration dramatists—it is notoriously Congreve's weak point: one diagrams "The Way of the World" for one's undergraduates. Professor Perry's explanations and correlations are often helpful. Unlike Mr. Allardyce Nicoll he confines himself to the five major dramatists; even Shadwell and Dryden are passed over. Within these limits his comments are acute; but his "Conclusion," which embodies a glance at the influence of Molière and of Johnson, suffers from his failure to take into account a vigorous survival of the comedy of humors.

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Mexico and Folk-Lore

By CARY F. JACOB

IN a country of which one of its conspicuous poets, Amado Nervo, has said that "almost nobody reads books," it is not to be expected that there should be a very generous literary output. Of the population of Mexico perhaps 80 per cent consists of Indians and of half-breeds. The remaining 20 per cent is of Spanish origin. From the latter comes the group of authors who have made Mexico conspicuous among the Spanish-American states. European in their culture and their thought, they have created a product remote indeed from what Americans think of as typically Mexican. However, it is as typical of the Mexican upper class as the other is of the lower. It finds its market on the continent rather than in New York, and, consequently, is as well known abroad as is the work of less conspicuous European authors. In Mexico itself, with the growth of education, this continental influence, predominantly French, is spreading so rapidly that there is likely to be repeated a literary evolution altogether similar to that which has been experienced in both England and the United States. However, there is one marked difference between what has gone on in these two countries and what is now in progress in Mexico,—namely, Mexicans of culture are aware of the situation and are doing their best to capture the passing spirit before it has become a part of a civilization so remote as to be beyond recall.

To say that the masses of Mexico are wholly illiterate is not to say that they are lacking in the artistic impulse or that they do not possess a wealth of song and story as abundant as the precious stones and minerals in their undeveloped mines. Each element of the population has its own traditions, and each has preserved in its own way its tales of the supernatural, of love, and of war. Folk-tales, folk-songs, and folk-dances are so numerous as to excite no comment and as to be of especial interest to only that part of the cultured population which is able to estimate the value of folk-ways in the development of a national literature, and to labor to preserve them in their beauty before they have become obliterated from the daily life of the people and before the tongues of the latter have begun to stammer with self-consciousness in telling them.

Mexico so teems with folk-lore that one man alone, Sr. Higinio Vazquez Santa Ana, has been able to secure both words and music to over 7,000 songs. In the United States to unearth even one ballad and the tune to which it is sung is to make a find of which to be proud. In Mexico the folk-song is still sung by the very men and women with whom it has originated. Music and words are usually equally lovely; and the voices of the singers are as fresh, as sweet, and as sonorous as are those of our lesser operatic stars. In fact, in their interpretations, Mexican singers are so unrestrained emotionally that they give to their renderings quality the more wonderfuly delightful when contrasted with its entire absence from the decidedly poor performance of the ballad-singers of the north. Mexicans are born with the gift of song, and their environment furnishes no restraint upon its development. Open throats, good lungs, emotional abandon, and an abundance of erotic experience—all this combines to produce an excellent medium for the expression of whatever plastic material may come their way.

Some of the most interesting ballads arise in a given community and disappear before they are ever written down. Others spread throughout the Republic and become a part of the national life. All are doomed to ultimate obliteration, however, unless those who are at work hunting them are able to go on with their research, unless they are able to catch the popular mode of thought and of expression before the masses begin to feel that their civilization is a thing apart and before they begin to develop a reticence in the presence of what is likely to appear to them as an unwarranted prying into their communal life. At present, however, the lower class Mexican seems to get along without shame and without privacy. His door (and his window, too, if he has one) stands always wide open. He has no closets in his home and apparently no skeleton to hide in them. He changes his clothes in his doorway or in the public square, and no one appears in the least concerned. If the day be warm, he lies down in the shade of a wall to sleep; or, if he feels the need of the sun, he sprawls full length on the open mesa or in a ditch at the side of the road. He carries his wardrobe on his back, and he finds his food in the unprotected orchards or on the waiters of edibles everywhere offered for sale. His hat and his serape are at once his glory of ornamentation and his protection against the often recurring rains. The Scotchman with his plaid and the Mexican with his serape are much akin. Yet the Scotchman never saw the day when he sang with the passionate freedom or the half-melancholy, half-joyous abandon of these shadowy-eyed children of the sun.

June of this year saw the publication of the first issue of *Mexican Folkways*, a bi-monthly magazine printed in English and in Spanish. Its editors are students of Mexican folk-lore, some trained in the United States, some without touch of foreign influence, but all filled with an intense admiration for the wonderful product of their native soil and all bent upon preserving its original flavor. The distinguished anthropologist and educator, Dr. Manuel Garmio, one of the collaborators with Frances Toor, the editor, says that this is the first publication to present the masses of the Mexicans to the American people. *Mexican Folkways* should be of much use to high-school and university students of Spanish, not only as material for the study of social background which gives insight into literature and language but also because of the wealth of Indian folk-lore which it brings to light. Those associated in the publication of this magazine deserve as great acclamation as that which came to Bishop Percy and Sir Walter Scott because of their attempt to capture for their own generation the best traditions of an age already past. *Mexican Folkways* has the very decided advantage of beginning its generous task before the setting sun of popular culture has begun to do more than decline toward the west. Those who admire the freshness of thought and of expression to be found among people of childlike minds as yet uncontaminated by the necessity for appearing sophisticated will receive much delight from the pages which these editors have in store for the public.

Foreign Notes

A VOLUME of quite unusual interest to students of the war has recently made its appearance under the title "La Bataille des Flandres d'après le Journal de Marche et les Archives de la IVe Armée Allemande" (Paris: Charles-Lavauzelle). In it Col. René Tournès and Captain Henry Berthemet have presented in French translation a quantity of captured German military documents,—the war diary, archives, and records of telephone conversations of the Fourth Army in the Lys offensive of April 9-30, 1918. The great interest of the material consists in the fact that it proves conclusively what has been charged by Germans themselves that the German General Staff ruled the army, the orders of its commanders being susceptible of change at any moment through its interference. Hindenburg's name appears nowhere in the documents, but Ludendorff is shown as constantly directing. He appears, however, as anything but a daring commander, constantly counseling prudence, and most reluctant to draw on his reserves for reinforcements.

In his voluminous biography of two volumes covering the first thirty years of the life of Merimée, Pierre Trahard has presented an illuminating study of that contemporary of the great romantic writers. His "La Jeunesse de Prosper Marimée" (Paris: Champion) is in large part a study of the romantic influences that played upon the mind of the young writer and of the processes of reasoning by which he attempted to harmonize such varying points of view as those of Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and Voltaire. Particularly was the influence of Byron strong upon him; from that of Victor Hugo he drew away.

In his "La Vie d'un Dilettante: Horace Walpole" (Paris: Les Presses Universitaires de France) Paul Yvon has produced an exhaustive study of the author of "The Castle of Otranto." The labor he put into his work must have been prodigious, for it runs to about 900 pages and is elaborately annotated. It is a work of importance from the point of view of history rather than of literature.

Here is the Roll of

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By James Boyd

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Foreign Literature

Paul Valery

By JOSEPH SHIPLEY

IN 1889, in a privately circulated magazine *The Sea Shell*, edited by Pierre Louys, the enchanting author of "Aphrodite," there appeared a few poems by one Paul Valéry. Several more slipped inconspicuously into print, in *The Centaur*, an exclusive periodical edited by the poet himself. In these verses, his indebtedness to Mallarmé, the pride and the prize of the Symbolists, was only too evident.

Soon, however, Valéry felt himself possessed of several qualities that must, he decided, nullify one another. He was intensely enthusiastic, yet "enthusiasm is not a state of mind for a writer;" he was scientific, yet he surmised—anticipating Romains and the unanimists of today—that underlying unity of all things which binds the believer in the electron theory with the medieval who had faith in the philosopher's stone. "All sensations, all ideas, all judgments—all things within and without, admit an invariable quantity." Into *Le Mercure de France* and other magazines he poured the abstract, mathematical speculations through which he was seeking his magistral synthesis, his ey to the fundamental secret of the world. Following this quest on the trail of the universal man, he studied the artist-craftsman-scientist-statesman of the Middle Ages, when a man dared dream of gathering all knowledge within himself: the one book of these days that Valéry had published was his "Introduction to the Method of Leonardo da Vinci," which appeared in 1895, and marked his quest and hope. Failing to find, here as elsewhere, the true link to bind together the contradictions in the universe and within himself, Valéry was convinced that his work could have no genuine value. He had discovered his goal; he had found what many spend their lives in seeking: an end for life. But "to find is nothing. The difficult thing is to join to oneself what one has found." Valêry stopped writing.

For almost twenty years no record of his appeared.

1917. End of his silence. Publication of "Young Fate" by Paul Valéry: the years had "ripened his discoveries and convented them into instincts." The book of poems was issued by *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, just coming into prominence as the rallying-ground of the young writers of the latest generation. Paul Valéry, born in 1871, brought a spirit as young as theirs, with a mind quickened by long contemplation, assured in its journey. The scientist had by now come to take his place beside the poet; Valéry declared that his problem of the "plurality of the singular is similar to the physical problem of relativity;" and Lucien Fabre, the disciple of Valéry, wrote a popular explanation of Einstein. The task of the poet is to find himself through the universe: in the infinite diversity of worldly things, all activity, all thought has as its goal the extension of continuity.

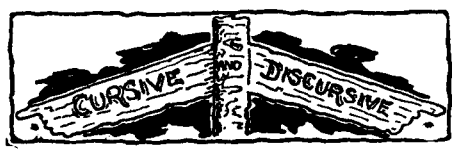
A while after the appearance of "Young Fate," the magazine *La Connaissance* held a referendum to select the foremost poet of the day; the vote was cast for Paul Valéry. In 1920 three more volumes of his poems were published, since then two others; and Valéry's position is secure as the leading living poet of France. His verse lacks the extravagance that has drawn notoriety to a Cocteau, the sentimental charm that has popularized a Comtesse de Noialles; it is not always easy reading, but throughout it is deeply experienced, it is musical, it is true.

Valéry continues the tradition of symbolism made luminous by Mallarmé. He offers the best description of the entire movement: "What has been baptized Symbolism is, very simply, the determination of several groups of poets (otherwise enemies) to recapture their endowment from music. We are nourished on music, and our literary heads dream only of winning from language almost the same effects as pure sounds produce on the nervous system." This desire led many poets to experiment with sound divorced from meaning: one outgrowth of their casting about is the school of da-da. Valéry was saved from such an extreme by his feeling that "the human mind seems to me so constructed that it cannot be incoherent to itself." With sensations, emotions, ideas, properly harmonized, the art product may be trusted to care for itself.

This desire for harmony in the world and within oneself can be promised fulfilment only when the point from which the universe radiates is the spirit of the individual. Valéry's theory necessitates, therefore, a cultivation of the ego; yet he found a "Narcissism" beyond the limits of a self-centered egotism. "The characteristic of man is consciousness and the characteristic of consciousness is perpetual exhaustion," he declares, and adds that "all things are interchangeable . . . man must therefore refuse to be anything whatsoever." From this blind alley he escapes by retracing it: "any image whatsoever is the beginning of ourselves." All life, therefore, is a quest of oneself, and the fuller and richer one's experience and observation have been, the more closely he has approached his own full being. In the fragment "Eupalinos," Valéry puts into the mouth of Socrates the phrase "I was born several: I shall die one."

"Eupalinos," indeed, seems the sum of the poet's attainments thus far—its fragmentary form being perhaps symbolic of the impossibility of attaining a complete unification.

"The Serpent" is the first of Valéry's longer works to be known in English. It has just been issued in a version by Mark Wardle, with a critical introduction by T. S. Eliot. In its earlier close—now omitted—of the snake "eternally biting the end of its tail," appears once more the poet's sense of the unity, yet the futility, of all things. From the latter thought Valéry has roused himself, to a belief that man reaches the world by an extension of himself. In the clarity of this vision, and the limpid music of its voicing, the poetry of Paul Valéry is pre-eminent, constructive and definite in an age of destruction and doubt.



TODAY, in this column, we have decided to tackle two of our great American he-man writers. We go about the task with some awe. Before us lie the latest thick and hefty novels by Harold Bell Wright and James Oliver Curwood, and, to supplement the former, a monograph on "Harold Bell Wright: The Inspired Novelist," by Blanche Colton Williams, Ph.D., Associate Professor of English at Columbia University and Hunter College. On laying down Miss Williams's monograph we heaved a deep sigh and sat back. In it Mr. Wright is compared even to Dickens and, stranger still, Thackeray! May God aid us in our priestly task! If at this point we might only pen a great blank verse exordium! But first, Mr. Curwood.

We understand indirectly through a Canadian writer who is an authority on frontier history, who was born at a Hudson Bay Trading post, whose father and grandfather were Hudson Bay factors, that Mr. Curwood's Canadian local color is entirely inaccurate. But we waded into his "The Ancient Highway" with a large-eyed childish innocence of whether his local color was phony or not. And we may say here that if we felt that Mr. Curwood's yarn was a good yarn we really wouldn't much care whether his Canada were mythical or not. There have been instances of fairly good novels with quite inaccurate backgrounds. Of course a great novel is accurate as to background. There can be no two opinions about that. But we have been trying to see whether we can't dope out just what so many, many American readers find in this great American novelist, Mr. Curwood.

It must be in the story. So we have tackled the story. Would Mr. Curwood, for instance, stack up with our old friend, Colonel Prentiss Ingraham and his Buffalo Bill novels? Would he give us as many thrills and fill our eyes with as much color? Let's see.

A "healing and tonic force" is said, by Mr. Curwood's publishers, to reside in "his communion with nature." Such as? Well, we suppose this:

He opened his eyes then and saw the gnarled and deep-foliaged limbs of the oak above him, and heard the droning hum of bees among the flowers intoned with the whispering breeze in the tree tops. The wings of the busy workers glistended in the filtered sunlight as he sat up, and his hand rested in a mass of wood violets that his cheek had crushed. Sweet scent of silvery-petaled anemones and purple trillium filled the air he breathed, and crimson wild fox—sweeter than honey—nodded at him on long, thin stems that grew up out of little seas of broad-leaved mandrake, heavy with their yellow fruit.

"Droning hum," "wings of the busy workers," "filtered sunlight," "whispering breeze,"—altogether we wouldn't say that Mr. Curwood was such a highly original nature describer, though he seems to be a bit of a botanist.

"Glorious minstrelsy" he calls the joint vocal efforts of thrush, robin, catbird, brown nightingale of Canada, brush sparrows, cardinal, golden canary, "and the lark with his winged song." Knows some birds too!

He has a hero who hates bobbed hair and a little Simla widow who set her trap of subtle wiles for the hero's best friend. She turned out to be an awfully sweet "little woman" though. She promptly presented the hero's best friend with some children—progeny of the hero's best friend; and spent about all her time after that making him happy. This must have been a job, as he was huge-hearted but heavy-footed.

The hero? He was a swell scrapper. He was a swell walker. He was a hero and he didn't need any brains. All he needed to do was to pack a punch, lug a knapsack, and talk man-stuff with hair on the chest. He went down for the count though when he got an eyeful of Antoinette St. Ives. She helped him to hate bobbed hair less. He liked Antoinette when she was "coldly, gloriously beautiful" at the first interview. He would have. We didn't

Her brother Gaspard was a giant, a great mammoth heart of gold. He thought he could lick anybody at anything. Some times he could. Yes, Clifton (that is the hero) knew that he wanted to touch Antoinette and "put a hand on her shining head." We wanted to crown her ourselves.

But Clifton got "a dogged hold of himself." He was that way.

Clifton "had fought through the hells of Flanders" with Colonel John Denis. His name was Denis. He came in—just then. This made Clifton's "heart pump almost audibly." "Here," says the author, "was more than friend meeting friend; it was comrade meeting comrade, brother meeting brother." Home, James!

Antoinette was always tilting her chin up too. Darn that woman!

They got into a lot of mystery and romance. Clifton had already wiped up an office floor with the villain of the piece, toward whom, by the middle of the book we had taken a really warm liking. He was such a big boob. You couldn't help liking him. It was more, perhaps, than friend liking friend, it was bro—but we forget.

Clifton was a great, square, clean fighter. You bet my life! Antoinette, said Colonel Denis, was "The most beautiful, sweetest, purest girl in this city of Quebec—yet a little tigress inspired by a pitiless determination when it comes to combating an evil or a wrong." All the heroes in this book were that too. What a chance for poor old Hurd, the villain! Aw, the fight was fixed! They said he done all this and that, too,—but me, I don't believe he done it.

Oh yes, up in Canada they call a bathtub a "vaporarium."

Clifton said, too, that when he first saw Antoinette his "heart inverted itself." Also, he "used Antoinette's vaporarium without protest." As for the Colonel, "that part of my heart which should hold a woman's love must be dead." Mighty pretty to hear them talk! On it begins to get awfully good about a third of the way through!

We could read their conversation forever. We haven't told you the half of it.

But Clifton still hated bobbed hair. He wanted "a deadly disarray of velvety gloss and sheen that would have disrupted any man's soul." He had large ideas like that. He thought there was "a maggot" in the feminine brain that inspired bobbing. And then Antoinette tilted her chin so her head nearly came off.

Ruin and tragedy hovered, however; and we've been side-tracked. Fair women and brave men, and fights and romance, and old historical associations,—no wonder the people love it! But, lookit. This is what makes us take the story in a spirit perhaps not foreseen. Colonel Denis was descended from Sir William Denis, one of the founders of a great industry, and Clifton, entering his office, got this off his chest:

I can fairly breathe the inspiration of this room—that spirit which has made the Laurentian Pulp and Paper Company a classic among its fellows, a blazer of trails, a leader in thought and action and the savior of Quebec's forest lands if you want to put it that way.

We don't. And that confused us. We thought for a minute it was Bruce Barton speaking. Or Bob Benchley.

Next page, we get down to what was all the present trouble. Ivan Hurd had asked Mademoiselle St. Ives to sell him her soul. He was a big business man. And the Laurentian Pulp and Paper Company was mighty likely to go "out of existence, a ragged bankrupt." No more deckle edges.

Ivan Hurd was certainly pretty bad, if you want to believe all they tell you,—the characters of this story. But they even thought that when he proposed marriage to Antoinette at the end of the second week "of a rather cool acquaintanceship" it was indecent of the poor fish! Whereas good old Clifton had told her he loved her the first evening he saw her. And how about Clifton's using her vaporarium!

Ivan Hurd, it seems was a real big business man. He ran true to form. He grafted when he could, and put over all he could, and squeezed every one else to the wall. He had a single-track mind. But the civic legislation he put over, in order to get Antoinette, requires a good deal of swallowing. The point is, however, to make him a fiend incarnate. And the author spares no detail to prove it. Consequently you simply don't believe it. But for popular consumption this kind of a villain is the most satisfactory. He gars the story turn into the wildest and most exciting kind of a movie.

And here we've used up all this space and haven't even got down to Mr. Wright yet! Well, we said when we started out that we felt like offering up a prayer. We knew what the riches would be. Next week this masterly analysis of our master writers is (*to be continued*) W. R. B.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Business

BUSINESS CASES AND PROBLEMS. By *Leon Carroll Marshall* and Others. University of Chicago Press. $3.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS ENGLISH. By *W. L. Mason.* Putnam. $2.

Drama

A STUDY OF THE MODERN DRAMA. By BARRETT H. CLARK. Appleton. 1925. $3.50.

"A Study of the Modern Drama" is a combination and revision, with various omissions and additions, of two earlier volumes,—"The Continental Drama of Today" (1914) and "The British and American Drama of Today" (1915). About three-fourths of the material (excluding bibliographies) is taken with minor changes from the earlier books. The method is the same; in regard to each author there is a brief statement, partly biographical, partly critical; this is followed by a commentary on one or more representative plays. The comments are analytical and suggestive; they generally furnish an excellent guide to the uninitiated reader, and should teach him a good deal about dramatic structure. To the student of drama the chief value of the book lies in the admirable bibliographies, which have been greatly enlarged and brought up to date. They are restricted to works now available in English; with this limitation they are much the fullest and most satisfactory lists now available.

ONE-ACT PLAYS. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.

Fiction

JACQUELINE, and Four Other Stories from the French. MINTON, BALCH. 1925. $2.

Without representing any one school of writing, these stories share in common their original appearance in Les Oeuvres Libres, which, as the name implies, form an outlet for no special clique. Two stories of the five, "Jacqueline," and "The Old Maids," are by far the most significant, for the other three, though competently done, have no importance beyond their passing interest.

M. Henri Duvernois's "Jacqueline" is an impressive variation of the triangle plot in which a story packed with action and fertile in complications serves to remold a man's character by slowly revealing to him how he revolts the women whose lives he affects. "Jacqueline" is structurally the most ambitious, and by comparison perhaps the most successful story in the book. Wholly different from its sophistication is Maurice Level's "The Old Maids," which, if its central figure—a crude, oxlike maid-servant bullied by two old maids—were a little higher than a clod, would add to its grimness, pity and terror, and arouse in the reader a rush of emotion. As its stands, the story, rising to a rather unbearably revolting climax, has only a fleeting realistic power.

The stories are all competent, some of them admirably finished; they have well-managed plots and well-understood characters. But they are for the most part disappointingly denotative; they suggest nothing further than they say, they are lacking in creative largeness. Their very competence seems to arise from a literature harassed by too much technical perfection.

BRAVE EARTH. By A. T. SHEPPARD. Doran. 1925. $2.50.

This is an unusual novel in several ways, although not a great one. Many such stories take unto themselves superficially a setting of days long past, but this novelist has sincerely studied and imagined his theme and in an unpretentious way achieves a real recreation of the spirit of another period. It is the old England—Cornish England—of Henry VIII. that he has chosen, and it is the two ancient customs of childhood trothplight and of Temple marriage (refuge-marriage, of dubious status, in the chapels of the Knights Templars), upon which he hangs his story of Humphry Arundell's youthful difficulties. Humphry involves himself inextricably between his troth-plight with Elizabeth Fulford, smug but suitable, and his impetuous Temple marriage with Jackett, will-o'-the-wisp of the moor. For a finale another historical theme is credibly used,—the effect of the waves of resentment which in remote country districts met the first inroads of the Reformation. Humphry upheld the Catholic faith of his family's tradition and so, after civil war, went to the scaffold. Customs, dialects, habits of thought, and religious or rural superstitions all interest us in the rather surprising detail with which the pages of this fairly long book are studied, and at the same time we achieve some sense of the drama going on back of it all, in a great period of a great nation's history. The style has obviously been carefully studied to fit the tone of the book. It is at once quaint and sophisticated, and although occasionally an over-working of the method leads only to unnecessary obscurity, it is on the whole successful and effective.

GREAT SEA STORIES. Second Series. Edited by JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH. Brentano's. 1925. $2.

Mr. French has made competent selections for his second collection of sea stories. Like the first volume it covers a wide range of adventure and romance at sea. The present volume contains seventeen stories, "The Invincible Armada" by Purchase, "The Revenge" by Sir Walter Raleigh, "Early Arctic Adventure" by Barents, "The Sword of Alan" from "Kidnapped," by R. L. S. and so on. Smollett, Pierre Loti, Fenimore Cooper, Clark Russell, Masefield, Dana, Melville, and Hugo, give an inkling of the sort of cargo carried by this very seaworthy book.

WHERE THE TWAIN MET. By HERBERT G. WOODWORTH. Small, Maynard. 1925.

This is a tale of the conflict between Eastern and Western minds, and an interesting elucidation of the inadequacy of the weapons of the latter against the ancient subtlety and intrigues of the former.

THE BLACK TURRET. By PATRICK WYNNTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $2.

Romances in the Graustark fashion seem as obsolete today as the philosophy of Madame Glyn or the novels of Ruby Ayres. Yet all three emit occasional lusty refusals to stay dead, and in the present outbreak of reconstructed, McCutcheonesque fossils there is achieved at least a likeness of closely packed action. The museum of fiction antiques has been raided for a generous number of its most precious speciments—the princess of a tiny Balkan principality, cruelly imprisoned in the Grey Forest; her captors, the wicked, scheming old woman, and the dastardly disloyal diplomat, who plot the downfall of the dynasty; the two fearless, rescuing young Englishmen who save the girl from durance vile and help foil the plans of the fiendish Bolsheviki. Besides these, the indispensable mob and military supers flap their ancient costumes, shake their moribund legs, and totter through the ensemble they once enacted in their bygone youth. After several hours passed in the company of such ghostly shadows, one is left perplexedly trying to find any reasonable excuse for parading them before a reading world which years ago had gladly forgotten their existence.

QUACK. By ROBERT ELSON. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

Mr. Elson's previous story, "Maxa," suggested that he might become a novelist of some importance, but this new book is, in some respects, disappointing. He had an excellent central idea, but it is handled clumsily. This is awkward in construction, as its plan involves considerable repetition, amounting to variations on the theme which become a bit tiresome. Yet much of his characterization is very good, and some of the more or less detachable episodes would have made fine short stories. The basic trouble is that the thing is really a study in sociological ideals, and too much sociological earnestness is apt to spoil a story. Mr. Elson's hero is a doctor, a "research" man, who hits upon a wonderful remedy that will, in a large class of otherwise hopeless cases, not only cure but greatly prolong the life of the patient. He is not sure enough of its action to feel justified in giving it unreservedly to the profession, so, with the aid and advice of his wife, who is also medically trained, he decides upon a ten year period of trial, during which he practically constitutes himself the arbiter as to life or death of certain patients. Some of these cases are well handled, but others degenerate into long talking matches, something in the manner of "Swiss Family Robinson," between the doctor husband and wife. Yet much, even of this, is good talk: meaty, and suggestive as sociology.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY. By GIOVANNI VERGA. Translated by D. H. LAWRENCE. Seltzer. 1925. $2.

Verga will be remembered by many as the author of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and by a few as the author of "Mastro-Don Gesualdo," likewise translated by Mr. Lawrence, which received interested notice on its publication in America.

Verga's youth was spent in Sicily during the fifties and sixties, when Sicily was said to be the most destitute place in Europe; these "little novels" are tales of this forlorn age of poverty and sickness and strife, and of oppression by the church and the law and the lesser nobility; when men and women and children lived and died like dull beasts of burden; when Santo and Nena, old at thirty, were "like two oxen yoked to the same plow, which was what their marriage amounted to now."

These tales do not follow the American convention of story form, with development, climax, and dénouement. Rather, they appear to picture life as it passes, and they end when the watcher wearies of watching. It is needless to say that this formlessness is only apparent; for Verga's preoccupation is not so much with the Sicilians of his stories as with the life that has crushed them, and he will insert incidents which are needless to his plot, but which illustrate Sicily. These are novels of incident rather than of plot; and they are literally novels of Sicily—to which land Sicilians are not very important. Verga is never so absorbed in a character that he will not leave his deathbed for a casual glance out of the window, where all of life is parading in many colors.

This casualness is heightened by an informal, almost colloquial style, which does not change its cool monotone whether the incident be commonplace, sardonic, or sheerly savage.

THE PLEASURE BUYERS. By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

The reviewer whose literary taste is superior to the standard maintained by the current popular periodicals must be of an unusually generous nature not to pronounce "The Pleasure Buyers" a stupid book. Mr. Roche's latest concoction is a murder mystery story intended to entertain the host of readers of "summer fiction." The secene is in Palm Beach, the winter home of "the pleasure buyers."

Crude in construction, careless in style, platitudinous in its moralizing, this book is without literary life.

CARAVAN. By *John Galsworthy*. Scribners. $2.50.

KINDRED. By *Alice Prescott Smith*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE CHEERFUL FRAUD. By *K. R. G. Browne*. Putnam. $2.

THE BRIDE'S BOUDOIR. By *Miriam Ryon*. Siebel. $2.

WHERE LOVE IS THERE GOD IS ALSO. By *Lyof N. Tolstoy*. Crowell. $1.50 net.

A SON OF HIS FATHER. By *Harold Bell Wright*. Appleton. $2.

Foreign

GEIST UND KULTUR IN DER SPRACHE. By *K. Vossler*. Heidelberg: Winter.

EL VIGIA. By *Jose A. Balseiro*. Madrid: Mundo Latino.

Poetry

THE DRUMS OF YLE. By J. U. NICOLSON. Illustrated by EARL H. REED. Chicago: Covici. 1925. $2.

A hundred-pages-odd of sustained lyric ecstasy is a fearsome thing, God wot! An ecstatic romance here revives from long slumber the swineherds as well as the barons of Norman-Saxon England; with something of the naïve, youthful, prosaic pageantry of "Ivanhoe" itself. But now "set to music." Again the greenwood glows. The fairy-tale-like *motif*, young love, conquest, war, and death,—and, incidentally, the novelist's "triangle"—are handled with simplicity and sincerity, passion and sensuousness.

A story first, as it should be, few pages of "The Drums of Yle" fail to glint with gold of romance. For here the land once more "burns in wild glory." From Castle Mystery itself into the very "wretched burrows" of the poor, the reader is privileged to ride. It is the old grand manner assumed again with a certain freshness. And yet it *is* "the old grand manner."

NOR YOUTH NOR AGE. By HAROLD VINAL. 1925.

Of the ten poems here headed "Poems: 1924," and of the eighteen more headed "1925," it is not possible to grant more than momentary appeal to a couple of each group. Several additional lyrics and sonnets assert the singing voice, stray lines bespeak cerebral alacrity, numerous titles tell the clever fellow "in the making." But glibness at rhyming (no matter how beautiful the print and paper allotted to "carry" it), without depth, before long becomes boresome. But poems such as "Mural Sketched from Memory," "Ghost Among the Roses," "Retreat," and "Abandoned Acres," are worth noticing.

A LOVER OF THE LAND. By FREDERICK NIVEN. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $1.75.

Though this is mostly "mere verse," real imagination occasionally shines amid these sixty-odd pages of much too "even" poetry. Occasionally there is real strength, quiet and unsensational. The first half-dozen poems in this book, however, promise things not to be fulfilled.

An obsession for words themselves, especially outworn "poetic" ones, a fondness for the technique of Li Po (rather than the content), these are handicaps in the way of growth; and Mr. Niven, following Li Po, will continue merely a lesser John Freeman or John Drinkwater. "To Pauline," "Now Goes Our Lady to the Woods," "Her Servants," etc., "North Devon" and "A Song of Silence," however, have a vitality of their own (though deriving too much from Wordsworth).

MIRRORS. By MARGARET TOD RITTER. Macmillan. 1925. $1.25.

Like so many current collections of verse, this book is strikingly uneven in quality. At her best the author displays a thin but authentic lyric strain; at her worst, she descends to the commonplaces of mere prose. Such lines as the following, for example, can hardly be regarded as evidences of poetic distinction:

The proudest city on the continent
So utterly oblivious of me
What memories beguile thy solitude?

Miss Ritter's work, unfortunately, is clogged with such prosy and unexpressive lines. Truly, she has not taken to heart Keats's advice to "Load every rift with ore." And yet in places her work manifests an appealing sincerity of emotion and flashes of real poetry; and in places she exhibits a singing quality which, while linked to no great distinctiveness of expression, may be taken as the sign and fulfilment of a genuine poetic impulse.

SENLIN. By *Conrad Aiken*. London: Hogarth Press.

THE ESPALIER. By *Sylvia Townsend Warner*. Dial Press.

POEMS. By *Oliver Wels Antrim*. Publication Society, 455 East 51st Street, New York.

ODES FROM THE DIVAN OF HAFIZ. By *Richard Le Gallienne*. St. Botolph Society (Page).

THE NORTHEAST CORNER. By *Frederick R. McCreary*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

SHADOWS OF MEN. By *Arthur Crew Tuman*. London: Erskine Macdonald.

POEMS. By *Three Friends*. Portland, Me.: Smith & Sale.

(*Continued on next page*)

Trade Winds

I SEE by an ad in *The Publishers' Weekly* that the word *realtor* has gone into the latest edition of Webster's Dictionary.

Alfred Knopf is shortly to publish a $2 book by a Kansas professor on "The Function and Mechanism of a Sentence." This sounds gorgeously typical of the profession of English-teaching nowadays; I look forward eagerly to reading it.

Russell Lewis, the excellent salesman of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., has persuaded me to order the new edition of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" about to be published by his house; and the carefully edited "Miserables" illustrated by Mead Schaeffer; and the reissue of Harland's "Cardinal's Snuffbox."

One of the quaintest capers devised by a publisher is Mr. Pascal Covici's notion of giving away with the first 80 copies of a limited run of an Edgar Saltus book, a cancelled autograph bank-check of the said Saltus.

I wonder if any of them are stamped *Insufficient Funds?*

A book I could sell a lot of, if some publisher would make a good job of it, would be a book about Currier and Ives prints, with fine colored reproductions. Mr. Fontaine Fox told me once that when he bought a house at Port Washington, L. I., a few years ago, the previous owner left a specially fine Currier and Ives "Winter in the Country" hanging in the hall; the seller cared so little for it he didn't even bother to remove it.

When the library of the late George J. Gould (of Georgian Court, Lakewood, N. J.) was sold not long ago I looked over the books with some care; very fine assembly of De Luxe sets; Mr. Gould had evidently gone down without a struggle before the vendors of Japan vellum and crushed levant and Court Memoirs. Alas, the only works that showed any signs of having been read by the bibliophiles of Georgian Court (now a school for young ladies) were Casanova and Sir Dick Burton. Of Casanova 5 volumes were missing; of Burton 7 volumes were missing.

It is good news that Dutton is to republish (in the Kings' Treasuries series) "The Adventures of a Younger Son" by E. J. Trelawney.

A first edition of another Dutton triumph, "When We Were Very Young," is listed by Edgar Wells at $10.

Mr. A. Edward Newton, stopping in at my shop just before sailing for London, says that if his new book sells 15,000 copies it will just pay for the fine new library he has built himself. The famous "Amenities" sold a good deal more than that, so perhaps the new one will too.

A visitor passing through the office of the Century Company was startled to see a memorandum on a desk saying *RUSH 5000 WRAPPERS FOR THE NAKED MAN.*

It transpired, as Fred Melcher would say, that this was merely an order for jackets of the first printing of Vere Hutchinson's new novel "The Naked Man."

BEST SELLERS in my shop the past fortnight:—"Barber Shop Ballads," by Sigmund Spaeth; "Jungle Days," by William Beebe; "The Spanish Farm," by R. H. Mottram; "The American Credo," by Mencken and Nathan; "Drums," by James Boyd; "Mrs. Dalloway," by Virginia Woolf.

(The reason for "The American Credo" appearing in this list is that I found 3 old copies lurking in my stockroom; I read it again, reapplauded it as one of the best bits of malicious comedy I know, recommended it to Young Amherst, to whom anything published before 1923 is an Old Classic, and he sold them promptly. I must keep it in stock.)

There are always ways of starting a little Business. Young Amherst has an agreeable bass; I can manage a sweet Scandinavian tenor; and we got a couple of Young Amherst's friends to join us in singing "I've Been Working On the Railroad," standing in the door of the shop at lunch time. Of course a crowd collected; whereupon we drew their attention to our Window Display (*On Consignment*, let me add) of Barber Shop Ballads. This worked excellently." Perhaps Barber-Shop ballading is going to be the big Indoor Sport this winter. Mary Smith of the Harcourt-Brace bookshop, tells me she sold more copies of the Barber Shop book on its publication day than any other book this season except "Arrowsmith."

Another inquiry: a young man came in with a copy of the New York *Herald-Tribune* and showed me a large advertisement of Silver King ginger ale. The picture showed a bottle of ginger ale on a table, with three books behind it. The caller said he was short-sighted, could I make out the titles of the books in the pictures? I got out my lens: they were "Lord Jim," "Almayer's Folly," and "The Arrow of Gold." I tried to sell him the books, but he was doubtful. "Just curiosity," he said. Then I read him the text of the ad. "Made with sparkling mineral water, the essence carefully *brewed* (not soaked) from tender ginger roots from the Indies—and a dash of pure tropical fruit juices." No critic, I said, ever wrote a better description of Conrad's own flavor. He bought "Almayer's Folly"—"to remind me of my own," he said. Is there a bookseller in Waukesha, Wisconsin? If so, why doesn't he sell a set of Conrad to the Silver King Products Corporation, who make that ginger ale? Don't say I never give you any merchandising ideas.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

Items

In and Out of the Office

1. HERE'S a news tip for first-edition sleuths: Isaac Goldberg's forthcoming biography, *The Man Mencken*, will really be a distinguished contribution to American letters — the quintessence of Menckenism! It will contain a mass of important and entertaining memorabilia — fugitive writings in prose and verse, musical compositions (printed in facsimile!), early free-lance clippings, and a number of intimate and characteristic letters. Believe it or not, the volume will also contain H. L. M.'s elementary-school report-cards, his first newspaper story, a description of an early chemical invention of his own, and an adolescent short-story that will thrill all collectors of *Menckeniana*.

2. Looking over the galleys (even proof-reading is fascinating on this book!), the photographs, and the delightfully unconventional documentary material, we can readily understand why book-explorers on the alert for exciting first-edition "items" are taking no chances; they are placing advance reservations *now* for *The Man Mencken*. (*Price, $4.00—ready October 15th*).

3. IT'S a deliciously exhilarating moment when a new book arrives on a publisher's desk—Copy Number 1, fresh from the bindery! Today we've had two such moments—all the more thrilling, because they were de luxe books, limited editions, by authors whose names are looming larger and larger on the literary horison.

4 *"You Who Have Dreams,"* a volume of verse by Maxwell Anderson, co-author of *"What Price Glory,"* and *"The Poems of Irwin Edman"* are handwrought productions of the Pynson Printers, limited to 1,000 copies each, and printed from type. The type has been distributed, and the books, at $2 each, will be published September 15th—there's an honest-to-goodness "item" for first-edition hunters, and, *regardless of editions*, for all lovers of genuinely fine literature!

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By Francis Pendleton Gaines

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AT BOOKSTORES
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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Religion

THE CHURCH'S PROGRAM FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By *Herbert Carleton Mayer.* Century. $2.

A CURRICULUM OF WORSHIP FOR THE JUNIOR CHURCH SCHOOL. By *Edna M. Crandall.* Century. $2.

Science

THE WONDER BOOK OF PLANT LIFE. By J. H. FABRE. Lippincott. 1925.

Professional botanists are at a disadvantage in reviewing books which interpret science to the general reader. There is the tendency to carp, the well-nigh instinctive protest over error clothed in language which is usually beyond their powers. But both the general reader and scientists have come to expect something more than readability and correctness through the writings of Maeterlinck, Beebe, Edward W. Berry, Slosson, and several others.

In his "Intelligence of the Flowers," Maeterlinck wrote a fascinating volume of plant lore, which has been the despair and envy of most scientists who saw in it not only very minor errors, but a beauty of style beyond them. What professional entomologists think of Fabre's long series of books on insect life is unknown to the reviewer, but his "Wonder Book of Plant Life" will be severely criticized by all professionals, and hosts of intelligent amateurs. The more impatient will dismiss it as the early work of a man writing out of his chosen field.

Using the facts of plant life to catch the imagination of the general public carries with it at least two responsibilities—to get the facts straight, and stress the significant. Quite a casual reading of the first eight chapters of Fabre's book reveals over twenty gross misstatements of fact. Scores more could be added if loose use of terms, or in some cases wholly wrong terms, were included.

Of the underlying siignificance of plant movements, food habits, migrations, and all the pageantry of the origin and rearing of their young, there is only the barest hint.

The truth about the book appears to be this: it is rather crammed with error, and when it is right is uninteresting.

EVERYDAY DOINGS OF THE INSECTS. By EVELYN CHEESMAN. McBride. 1925. $2.50.

The curator of insects to the Zoölogical Society of London addresses this little book principally to boys in answer to the host of questions which are constantly being asked concerning the exhibits in the Insect House and which can be answered only by recourse to an extensive library.

The habits and structures of many insects are described in simple language that will appeal to the immature reader and arouse his further interest in the subject. The illustrations, largely photographs of living insects, form an important part of the work.

EVOLUTION FOR JOHN DOE. By *Hewshaw Ward.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

CONCERNING EVOLUTION. By *J. Arthur Thomson.* Yale University Press. $2.50.

Sociology

HYPATIA, OR WOMAN AND KNOWLEDGE. By *Mrs. Bertrand Russell.* Dutton. $1.

LYSISTRATA OR WOMAN'S FUTURE AND FUTURE WOMAN. By *Anthony M. Ludovici.* Dutton. $1.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE MONKEY PUZZLE. By J. D. Beresford (Bobbs-Merrill).

MEDIÆVAL FRANCE. By Joan Evans (Oxford University Press).

THE NORTHEAST CORNER. By Frederick R. McCreary (Houghton Mifflin).

E. S., New York, asks for books that would give one "several points of view of the mechanical age in which we live," whether fantastic, like "R. U. R." or "Beggar on Horseback," or sober as Dewey's "Democracy and Education."

THE books that tell me most about the age in which we live are not those that treat it as something detached and different, but slow and steady surveys of civilization that leave me with a sense of the extraordinary modernity of old times. I learn—indirectly to be sure—more about why today is what it is, from Havelock Ellis's "The Dance of Life" (Houghton Mifflin), than from many a criticism at short range. As for books that "defend the present régime," for which E. S. asks in particular, it is natural that the best books, or at least the greater number of them, should be on the other side. Burden of proof lies with the opposition; the present régime may rest supported by a phalanx of newspapers, popular magazines, and public opinion, while Mr. Harold Stearns compiles "Civilization in the United States" (Harcourt, Brace), Scribner brings out another edition of Edward Carpenter's "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure," and *G. K.'s Weekly* continues to moan for the Middle Ages—if such a word may be used for so sprightly and warm-hearted a publication as Mr. Chesterton's magazine. Sir John Marchant a couple of years ago edited a symposium called "The Coming Renaissance" (Dutton), in which specialists swept the horizon and descried upon it not a few signs of promise.

But if I were to choose a preliminary course of reading for one in the frame of mind indicated by this letter, it would be made up of the little books in the series "Today and Tomorrow" (Dutton), beginning with L. B. S. Haldane's "Dædalus" and Bertrand Russell's "Icarus." They fit into a pocket and they are not kept there: in street cars and in restaurants one sees them in use. Fournier d'Albe's "Quo Vadimus?" is a new one; another is Bertrand Russell's "What I Believe"; Haldane's "Callinicus" is defense literature for the new age, on chemical warfare. Even the titles fascinate: "Tantalus," by F. C. S. Schiller; "Wireless Possibilities," by A. M. Low; "Narcissus," by Gerald Heard, which is a spirited theory of clothes. But let no one think that because they are easy to read they are easy to forget; their speculations will make, indeed they have already made, an impression on the mind of the time that could scarcely have been made so soon in any other way.

A school near Baltimore wishes a play that can be given by girls from fifteen to eighteen—"we consider ourselves very grown-up," they say—who last year gave Barrie's "Kiss for Cinderella" successfully.

IN the British Drama League Library, published in America by Appleton, there is a delightful play called "The Lilies of the Field," by John Hastings Turner, not out of the reach of enthusiastic amateurs. It involves two charming young sisters who take opposite lines of dress and behavior, one modern, the other early Victorian, for what they mean to be a brief masquerade. But the Victorian one finds herself compelled to keep it up long enough to make a social furore in London and precipitate a rage for bead-mats, wax flowers, and crinoline. You may imagine the possibilities for dressing in this play, and the dialogue is continuously sparkling. Another series of plays that gifted amateurs should bear in mind is the "Contemporary British Dramatists," published in the United States by Stokes. One volume in it is the brilliant "Man With a Load of Mischief," by Ashley Dukes, the instant and unexpected success of the present London season—but I cannot imagine it given by amateurs, or for that matter, visèd by censors of girls' schools.

E. M., Mansfield, Mass., wishes someone to make a list of books that "emphasize the pastoral loveliness of rural England."

HAVING but now returned from a week's walking therein, I am in the state of mind to say, with Mr. Dolls—I hope he is not unknown to E. M.—that "I am er man er do it." Indeed, I made a beginning in "A Reader's Guide Book," one of whose sections is made up of English countryside books. I have just had personal proof of the power of one author in particular to get the life, the landscape, and the very air of his scene into the mind of a reader. I had ungratefully forgotten that Wiltshire was W. H. Hudson country: crossing the downs I kept wondering why everything was so curiously familiar: all at once I realized that it was the scene of "A Shepherd's Life" (Dutton). Had I to choose but one book for this reader, it would be this one. But it is of course impossible to keep to one; there are too many countrysides, and too diverse; there must be on such a list at least all the Hardy novels, Edward Hutton's "England of my Heart" (Dutton), Tickner Edwardes's "Neighborhood" (Dutton), "Adam Bede," Eden Phillpotts's "The Green Alleys" (Macmillan), and whichever volumes of the "Highways and Byways" series (Macmillan) deal with localities that fit your fancy. For E. M. is reading "to lose myself in the beauty of description as an antidote to too much criticism," not in preparation for a walking trip, and this is as it should be. It is all very well to prepare for a railway journey and to look up what you are to look for, but the essence of a walking trip, especially in England, is to take it just as it comes. There is a fine careless rapture about discovering that your first inn, chosen quite at random, was set on its career by the wife of Canute, that Shakespeare acted in the courtyard of the second, and that the third, it comes out casually at breakfast, is the "Green Dragon" of Mark Tapley and the Chuzzlewits. The way to get the right good from guidebooks is to read them either a long time before, or a short time after, the journey.

MUNA Lee de Munoz Marîn sends me a copy of the June number of *Poetry*, Chicago, which is made up of her translation from various Spanish-American poets and of articles on that poetry. As this contains material none of which is elsewhere available in English, I hasten to call it to the attention of students.

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Speaking of Books

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the student of Civil War history has labored under the impression that the South was "overpowered by superior numbers." Mr. Owsley here develops a new point of view, and maintains that the confederacy collapsed more from internal than external causes. This is an unusual historical study, uncovering many new facts which have hitherto been unknown even to scholars. *State Rights in the Confederacy.* By Frank L. Owsley. $2.50, postpaid $2.60.

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one of the most disastrous that this country has ever known, is recorded and analyzed by Mr. McGrane in his new book. He describes the economic forces and the leaders involved in the great panic of 1837; the close relationship between business and politics; and the dominant tones of Jacksonian democracy versus whig aristocracy. *The Panic of 1837.* By Reginald C. McGrane. $2.00, postpaid $2.10.

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Points of View

The Author Objects

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I venture to suggest that an unconsciously humorous plaint, masquerading as a review of "Table Talk of G. B. S." (Harper & Brothers), which appeared in your issue of May 30, 1925, should be entitled, not "Shaw en Deshabille," but with more appropriateness "Boyd en Deshabille." In this era of indecent exposures, here is just one more—an indecent exposure by Mr. Boyd of his ignorance of the French language—as well as of not a few other things. With toploftical condescension, he takes me to task for saying that the French call sky-scrapers "frotteurs du *ceil*." This is Mr. Boyd's error, not mine. *I* never used the unfamiliar French word, affected by Mr. Boyd, "*ceil*." Furthermore, I hope no sympathy will be wasted by the reader on this etymological hypochondriac, fit subject for Molièresque comedy, who spells the French word for sky "*ceil*." Reputable French scholars seldom spell sky this way: *c-e-i-l*—even on the presumed analogy to the English word "ceiling." Any Frenchman will tell you that one of the French words for sky-scrapers is "frotteurs du *ciel*," as printed in "Table Talk of G. B. S.," page 81. All of us who travel abroad have heard the word sky-scrapers thus translated by cultivated French people; —in Paris, though, not by a native Irishman in New York City. This self-constituted "authority" on the French language cannot cover up his *gaffe* by laying the blame on the proofreader. For elsewhere in the same "indecent exposure" Mr. Boyd gives another word for sky-scraper and spells it "gratte-*ceil*.". C-E-I-L! Again!! Pardon me, Mr. Boyd, *your* error.

About Mr. Boyd's critical insight and acumen there is, as the Grand Inquisitor says,

No probable possible shadow of doubt,
No possible doubt whatever.

Having often observed that familiar Shavian smile of sardonic irony lavished upon his Celtic criticasters, I feel confident that Mr. Bernard Shaw will be humbly and devoutly grateful to his fellow-countryman, Mr. Boyd, for communicating to an astonished world his illuminating if somewhat belated discovery that Shaw—Bernard Shaw—George Bernard Shaw—is deficient in a sense of humor. *Ciel!* (Or rather, *Ceil!*—as Mr. Boyd would say.) Heavens! (Or rather, Ceiling!—as Mr. Boyd would have it.) What a complete revolution in all our thinking is going to be effected by this new Columbus of criticism! From this time forward, we must think of Anatole France as banal, of Maeterlinck as witty, of Joyce as refined, of Hardy as optimistic, of Kipling as unpatriotic, of Mencken as judicial, of Boyd as endowed with the critical faculty.

We are asked to believe that Bernard Shaw is lacking in a sense of humor, because his biographer happens to be a native of the benighted State of North Carolina. Damaging charge! What a pity Mr. Shaw did not consult Mr. Boyd about the matter when the subject of a biography was first broached, more than twenty years ago! How could Bernard Shaw have been so crass and misguided as to coöperate unstintedly in producing a biography written by a citizen of the native State of Walter Hines Page, the most gifted letter-writer of the period; of O. Henry, the supreme short story writer of his day in the United States; of Wilbur Daniel Steele, the ablest living American writer of the short story; of Edwin Anderson Alderman, America's greatest living orator; of Hatcher Hughes, the brilliant Broadway dramatist; of John V. A. Weaver, arresting American poet in the new manner; of those masters of stage and film, Augustin Daly and Cecil B. DeMille . . . but why bother about this querulous complainant from a foreign land, groping in a state of benightedness all his own?

Mr. Bernard Shaw's lack of humor is further evidenced, according to the testimony of his astute fellow-countryman, in that Mr. Shaw coöperated in the production of a biography with a professor of the higher mathematics. Where in all of literary history, one might well ask, is exhibited a more unmistakable sense of humor than in this unique and piquant association of two mutually congenial personalities differing on almost every conceivable subject: the fantastic artist with the accurate scientist, the Fabian Socialist with the Jeffersonian Democrat, the loquacious dialectician with the reserved student, the genius minus a college education with the "academic Panjandrum"! It is Mr. Boyd, I fear, who is lacking in the sense of humor: his Celtic "slant" blinds him to a realization of the possibility that the scientist and the artist may sometimes be united in one and the same person. If Mr. Boyd were really conversant with the history of art and science, he would not need to be informed that the scientist-artist is a phenomenon not wholly unknown to literary and scientific annals. I recommend to Mr. Boyd a course of study traversing the careers of Leonardo da Vinci, Sir Thomas Browne, Goethe, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Osler, Echegaray, Bertrand Russell and "Lewis Carroll"; and for "these United States," Poe, Shaler, and Hardy. For one so innocent of knowledge of the inter-relations of science and art, I unhesitatingly advise for Mr. Boyd a further course of reading in Havelock Ellis, Albert Einstein, Oswald Spengler, Mittag-Lefler, Henri Poincaré and J. J. Sylvester. After such a course of study, Mr. Boyd might gain at least an inkling of the elementary truth that art and science are not mutually antipathetic; and that in the higher realms of thought, to which Mr. Boyd appears such a complete stranger, science and art ultimately coalesce, in imagination, plasticity and form.

On the evidence of the dialogues included in "Table Talk of G. B. S.," Mr. Boyd will, I am sure, find the world quite in agreement with him that Bernard Shaw is dull, banal, and *vieux jeu*. For these dialogues as periodical literature have found their only publics in the United States, England, and Europe, where they have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, the *Century Magazine*, the *Forum*, the *Bookman*, the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Neue Rundschau*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, etc., etc. And the book, "Table Talk of G. B. S.," now a "best seller" in England, is arranged for as yet to be published only in the United States, England, and on the Continent of Europe, with Russian, Czecho-Slovakian, Scandinavian, and other rights pending.

But why all this pother over the footless vagaries of one who, according to his own confession, has strange, new ways with masterpieces! We must look up this "Ernest Boyd" who, we suspect, is masquerading under a *nom de guerre*. I turn to the latest edition of the English "Who's Who." But I am doomed to disappointment. Among British writers of distinction, catalogued in this authoritative index of distincton, the name "Ernest Boyd" does not appear. There is no such personage as "Ernest Boyd"—according to the rating of this universally accepted court of judicature. For the moment I am puzzled. But soon I discover a clue. Somewhere in his "indecent exposure," "Ernest Boyd" remarks that George Moore "reduces his interlocutor to the subsidiary rôle of the disciple of Socrates." A light breaks. Can it be that "Ernest Boyd" is a friendly disguise for the would-be, but disappointed, biographer of George Moore?

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.

Mr. Boyd Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I hate to interrupt Professor Henderson's hysterics, but "ceil" was a misprint, due to my not having seen a proof of the article, and I assure him that "gratte-ciel" is the French for skyscraper. His delight in the English "Who's Who" affects me deeply, but, as I am not an Englishman, it does not impress me as much as it does him. He will find my name in the Irish "Who's Who," in "Who's Who in Literature"—where, I notice, his name does not appear—and in "Who's Who in America." As the London *Times* said, reviewing the "Table Talk of G. B. S.," Mr. Henderson's attempts to make a serious contribution to the discussion are of little value," his questions and comments are "a trifle ingenuous."

ERNEST BOYD.

Interesting items from catalogues:—G. A. Baker & Co., in their delightful cool cellar at 144 East 59, list *inter alia*:—Sir Thos. Browne, Pseudodoxia Epidemica, first edition, 1646, $25. (This is the book W. J. Bryan ought to read, about the "epidemicall half-truths.") Burns, Poems, first American edition, Philadelphia, 1788, $90. Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy, second edition, 1624, $65. Chauncey Tinker's "Young Boswell," autographed by Professor Tinker, $7.50. Lewis Carroll's copy of "Scenes of Clerical Life," and his initials in it, $20.

from

London

Just returned from a much-engaged and much-engaging trip to London, Editor Canby reports that again Great Britain and Ireland will make large contribution to The Saturday Review.

Belloc, Huxley, Galsworthy, De la Mare, Margaret Kennedy, Guedalla, Squire, Rebecca West,—watch The Saturday Review for something of real excellence from all of these and many more.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

THE DIARIES OF WASHINGTON

THE announcement comes from Houghton Mifflin Company of the publication next Fall of the complete "Diaries of George Washington," from the earliest known to the one containing the last words he wrote, covering more than fifty years, extending from 1748 to 1799. A few of the diaries have been published, but these include hardly one-sixth of those comprised in the complete edition, making available for the first time the complete record, exactly as written, with annotations by John C. Fitzpatrick, of the Manuscript Division of the Congressional Library.

The earlier decades of these diaries picture the colonial social life in Virginia, the gayety of the legislative season at old Williamsburg, the sport of fox hunting and horse racing, and the routine of the daily life at Mount Vernon. It is said that we have the real Washington in print here for the first time, delineated in a natural, matter-of-fact and fascinating manner, not met with in any of the lives published. The issue of these diaries, in four handsome octavo volumes, is made under the auspices of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union. It is the judgment of historians that this remarkable record of a half century, giving an authentic portrait of the Father of his Country and a vivid picture of the stirring times in which his lot was cast, will take a permanent and high place in American historical literature.

ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR.

ONE of the publications of the autumn, sure of a strong appeal to the collector is Joseph Pennell's "Adventures of an Illustrator," a large quarto volume, profusely illustrated, and published in a trade and also in a limited edition by Little, Brown & Co. Joseph Pennell's achievement as an illustrator is recognized at home and abroad as of the first rank, and he here describes his own aims and methods and the artists who have given American illustration world wide fame. His adventures with authors began in 1880 with Charles Godfrey Leland and Maurice Francis Egan in Philadelphia, and have taken him over most of the civilized world. With George W. Cable he explored Louisiana. He worked in Italy with William Dean Howells, Vernon Lee, Maurice Hewlett, Henry James, and Marion Crawford. Later, in England, he illustrated articles by all the leading travel writers. His book is full of interesting comment upon these authors and on his fellow artists. It will be remembered that he introduced Beardsley to the art world and knew Whistler so intimately that later, he, with Mrs. Pennell, was Whistler's authorized biographer. His sojourn in France and his drawings of its cathedrals to illustrate Mrs. Pennell's text, preceded adventures in Greece, Spain, Russia, and Belgium. Later he made an important series of lithographs of the Panama Canal. During the World War his services were in demand by the governments of England, France, and America, and he went to the front and through the great ammunition plants. The volume is profusely illustrated with the author's drawings, etchings and lithographs, many of them reproduced for the first time, together with portraits of the authors with whom he worked, made by Whistler, Sargent, Beardsley, Strang, Chase and St. Gaudens, and including examples of the work of other artists of Europe and America. The text is written in Mr. Pennell's usual frank and interesting style and is full of anecdotes, with much practical information on the technique of illustration.

There has already been a rush for the limited edition and it is sure to be exhausted long before the date of publication.

BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA, PART IV.

PART IV. of "Bibliotheca Americana et Philippina," completing the extensive catalogue which Maggs Brothers of London have been issuing has just appeared. Later an index to the four parts will be compiled. This part contains 1,287 items, comprising books, manuscripts, autograph letters, documents and maps, containing 557 pages and 57 plates, with indices of authors, titles, and subjects. It is necessary to see this great catalogue to appreciate the wealth of rarities which it contains. For instance, in this part, is included the first edition of the Latin Letter of Columbus, announcing the discovery of America, printed in 1493; the first volume to contain a notice of the life and voyage of Columbus and his discovery of America; the second and third letter of Hernando Cortez containing an account of the Conquest of Mexico; the manuscript of Pizarro's relation of the Conquest of Peru; the first map of Hudson Bay with the first printed account of Hudson's discoveries in North America; and hundreds of items only a little less important and interesting. We have repeatedly called attention to the character of the catalogues issued by Maggs Brothers, and it is only fair to say that the catalogues of this firm issued during the last ten years have never been equalled before. For rarity of material, scholarly description, attractive printing, and bibliographical value for the student and collector they stand in a class apart from all others.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Rowfant Club of Cleveland, which recently celebated its thirty-third anniversary, has several important publications in hand. One of these is a Kipling first edition and another is an unpublished Locker Lampson manuscript.

Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., of London, announces the immediate publication of Vol. I. of "Gesamtkatalog der Wiegendrucke," a complete catalogue of all known incunabula, compiled by the commission appointed by the Prussian Board of Education. The work will be completed in twelve volumes, one volume published annually.

There are some indications that English collectors, who do not enjoy American competition in the rare book market—especially the auction room, are looking about to see what can be done about it. One practice of which they do not approve is that of mailing catalogues far enough in advance to American buyers to give them a fair show with English collectors. This practice has done much to hurry up English booklovers, fearing that they may lose them if they delay. Dealers with large overseas trade are not likely to change this practice. Another suggestion is that of organizing a group of booklovers among the friends of the important universities to raise funds for buying books that for good reasons their alma mater should have. This seems a sensible thing to do, and the wonder is that it has not been done before.

One of the most interesting of the historical documents of Italy's struggle for independence has just been purchased in behalf of the Roman Museum at Rome where it will remain in trust as the property of the Italian people. The document is the protest made July 4, 1849, by the Roman Constituent Assembly "before Italy, before France and the whole world" against the violent invasion of its headquarters on Capitol Hill. It bears the autographed signatures of nearly all of the members of the assembly from Garibaldi to Mazzini. Signor Mussolini, hearing the document was for sale, immediately ordered its purchase. This is not the first time that Mussolini has come to the rescue when literary or historical treasures have appeared in the open market.

Selections from the library of John Lane, the publisher, were sold last month in London, 365 lots bringing £1,625. Nearly all were modern books, mainly first editions and association books. Good prices generally were realized, Stevenson, Hardy, Beardsley and Wilde items selling very well.

The Yale University Press has published in pamphlet form a group of "New Letters about Poe," reprinted from *The Yale Review* for July, 1925. The letters deal with the romance of Edgar Allan Poe and Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman and their broken engagement. The pamphlet is edited by Stanley J. Williams.

The Oxford University Press through its American branch will soon publish Jane Austen's "Lady Susan," being the first edition of Miss Austen's early book corrected from the original manuscript. Unlike "Sandition," this is not a fragment but a complete novel written in 1805 when Miss Austen was thirty years old, and six years before the publication of the first of her great novels. It will be uniform with "Sandition."

The Salad Bowl

"Middlemarch," the magnificent book which with all its imperfections is one of the few English novels written for grown-up people.
—Virginia Woolf, *The Common Reader.*

Who can fathom the subtleties of the human heart? Certainly not those who expect from it only decorous sentiments and normal emotions.
—W. S. Maugham, *The Moon and Sixpence.*

I know now something of the importance of books, that is to say real books. There are only a few such books in the world and it takes a long time to find them out. Hardly anyone knows what they are.
—SHERWOOD ANDERSON,
A Chicago Hamlet.

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Julian Street

Mr. Street

Touches All the Bases

Doubleday, Page & Co. have made it a habit never to talk shop in their advertisements. That is to say, never to quote reviews except in cases of remarkable importance.

The case of MR. BISBEE'S PRINCESS is a remarkable one. The unanimity of the reviewers, and their haste to express their delight in this latest book by Julian Street, makes it seem only fair to share their comment with the public. For instance:

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To read "Mr. Bisbee's Princess" is to do one of those so-called little things that makes life that much merrier. It is a tale of happy chuckles and sly insinuations. . . . It is exquisite.

The Boston *Evening Transcript:*
A little masterpiece.

The New York *World:*
An achievement in irony and pathos.

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New York *Evening World:*
. . . He sees the funny incidents of daily life and mirrors them with delicate satire and humor. . . . A lovable, laughable character, Mr. Bisbee.

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Phoenix Nest

A NOVEL that we have really "cottoned" to—it will not appear for two weeks, however,—is *Larry Benefield's* "The Chicken-Wagon Family." We got a set of advance sheets, and it was the first book we picked up on our return from the Mts. * * * We had a great time with it. * * * As it isn't out till August 29th, we are not going to spill its plot here. * * * But it is what we call a real book, introducing one to people one really wants to know, dealing freshly with backgrounds the author really knows all about, secreting a charm,—well, do you remember *Stewart's* "The Fugitive Blacksmith," a book of years ago, (no *not* by *Donald Ogden Stewart.*)—"The Chicken-Wagon Family," is that general kind of a book, though it bears no direct resemblance to it in any character or incident. It is a book whose simplicity conveys real glamour. It is a book you don't want to put down, a work of unobtrusive art, and the ending is managed with skill. * * * Get it when it comes out. It's a good job—worth the money! * * * The best book of poems we have recently seen—if to add to one's general gaiety is the proof of "bestness" in a book of poems—is a musically meandering volume that strayed to us recently through the mails. Its title is "Gamut of Love," by *Wladimir Ladovitch*, privately printed at Washington, D. C. "The modern craze for 'something new,'" prefaces the author, "must explain any departure from classical form which my work may betray." * * * "Leone" is a matchless poem, but we like even better "The Cossack of Caucasus," which, once you sink your teeth into it, yields such felicities as follows:

He threw his arms of steel about her form (More ships fail in calm than in storm);
He drew her face up to his own—nor made she move nor moan.
Now on her lips his kisses fell, then sought the doorlet of each eye's soft cell;
Brow followed next and soft coiffure—madly he rove nor sought excuse to offer!

* * * But what excuse could he offer while so madly he rove? * * * Yet finally

Bursting with fury on her startled lover, Alena sprang, like ounce from cover.
(Can you blame her?)
First thing she tore from his embrace; then sought with tooth and nail to him deface
While like escaping geysers fell, the scalding tears that in her eyes did well.

* * * Mr. *Oliver Herford* once drew a picture of an ounce that had been put into a pound, but this out-ounces any ounce we ever heard tell of! * * * But later Alena relented and wanted Boris to return, crying, "Boris, I was possesst—come good cossack—it was but a test—" (What kind of test, we wonder,—intelligence?)

"More is—I love you—come my sweet." As Boris staggering turned upon his feet
Fair Alena, screaming, fell into a swoon. The cossack viewed her, and anon his mortal wound,
Where 'round a dagger spurted scarlet blood; then he smiled and—crumpled in the mud.
After the western sun went down, Alena who had played the clown
Laughter after laughter sent, up unto the firmament!

* * * Alena, at least, had recovered her sense of humor. * * * Wasn't she an awfully silly girl! * * * And you will notice the somewhat startling experimentation with initial rhymes. * * * The Siebel Publishing Corporation has issued a real press sheet about "The Bride's Boudoir" by *Miriam Ryon. Some* beautiful story! One suggested window card reads, "BARGAIN. The furniture for a bride's Boudoir would cost over $500.00—Here's 'The Bride's Boudoir' complete only $2.00. Save the $498.00 and get a whale of a story," * * * Isn't that a peach of an idea! * * * But the story simply doesn't live up to the jacket. * * * We were attracted by the jacket! * * * We see that the Viking Press and old *Ben Huebsch* have entered into "a combination whereby their interests are merged in a single publishing house to be known as The Viking Press, Inc." * * * * This happened the first of this month. All business will be carried on under the active direction of Messrs. *B. W. Huebsch, Harold K. Guinzburg*, and *George S. Oppenheimer* at 30 Irving Place, New York. * * * So the seven-branch candlestick passes, the viking ship taking its place! * * * Well, in the past, the seven-branch candlestick has stood for some remarkable books and for continuous courageous publishing inspiration! It became a trademark that meant a great deal to all lovers of the truth. * * * This fall Greenberg is to publish "King John," a novel in the new manner of psychosism, by *Joseph T. Shipley*. Psychosism is the literary method followed among others by *Proust* and *Joyce*. "It presents the entire field of consciousness at a given moment," * * * *Blanche Colton Williams, Ph.D.*, has written a brochure on *"Harold Bell Wright*: The Inspired Novelist." * * * Why, Blanche! * * * From "Farther Reminiscences" by the *Reverend S. Baring Gould* we saltshake (imitatively) this anecdote:

A woman in Horbury was dying. She said to her husband, "Ah, lad! I wonder whatever the puir bairns will do after I be gone."

"Get along wi' thy dying, lass," replied he soothingly, "and I'll mind the bairns."

* * * As our father used to say, "There is nothing like a crusted old family anecdote!" * * * Nothing! * * * *Verse: The Quarterly Review of Verse*, leads off its second volume with a poem by *George Kelly*, who wrote "The Torch-Bearers" and "The Show Off." * * * But "The Show Off," we thought, was a darn good play. * * * We have read *Alfred Noyes's* "The Book of Earth," in connection with the Scopes trial. * * * There are all sor of trials. * * * Not that "The Book of Earth" doesn't make *Pythagoras* and *Huxley* pretty vivid. * * * "The Northeast Corner" is an especially interesting new book of poems. By *Frederick R. McCreary*. * * * Free verse that really means something, not the sort that appears in so many little magazines, of whom the diverting *Keith Preston* has recently sung, in *The Chicago Daily News*,

Among our literary scenes,
Saddest this sight to me:
The graves of little magazines
That died to make verse free.

* * * We hear it rumored that the real author of "Serena Blandish" is *Lady Jones* (*Enid Bagniol*) who is also the author of another excellent novel, "The Happy Foreigner."

* * * * *Carl* and *Mark Van Doren* have collaborated on "American and British Literature Since 1890," which will be brought out in two weeks by the Century Company. They prove that this country is no longer a literary province of England. * * * We congratulate *Stokes* on bringing out this month a new edition of one of the best children's books we ever read when we were young, viz: to wit: "Fairy Tales From *Brentano*." * * * By Golly, but that is a great nonsense work! We have been spreading the faith in it privately for years. * * * *Charles Brackett's* "Week-End" has furnished us considerable amusement. Mr. Brackett is hep to his own influences, and is smart with more true gaiety than *Ronald Firbank*. The dream about *Doctor Johnson* tickled us. * * * This is a mere trifle, but we are its *Autolycus* * * * *Hughes Mearns*, in "Creative Youth," the story of how he taught poetry to the pupils of the Lincoln High School, is quite interesting and instructive. We are particularly glad t see that the pupils seem to appreciate *Dudley Poore's* "Marigold Pendulum," one of the freshest and most delightful poems that has been written in recent years. * * * Well, now we'll wander home to our roof garden. * * * Adieu, adieu, our plaintive anthem fades—

THE PHŒNICIAN.

* * * *

Every reasonable man, if possessed of more than a few odd volumes, should have a bookplate. It is a way to a certain sort of immortality—the only sort of immortality within reach of most of us. Who is not pleasantly curious as to the personality of a man whose interesting bookplate he finds in some volume? A long list of names occurs to me of men who are remembered now, outside their own families, solely because they once had a distinguished bookplate.

—A. EDWARD NEWTON,
In *The Golden Galleon.*

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Do you work fast or slowly?

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Is it hard or easy?

Hard *and* easy.

What kind of writing do you think is the most fun?

Writing cheques.

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